

# HUDIBRAS.

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THE  
Third and Last  
PART.

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Written by the AUTHOR  
OF THE  
FIRST and SECOND PARTS.

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L O N D O N,

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# HUDIBRAS.

*The Third and last Part.*

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## The ARGUMENT of the First CANTO of the Third Part.

*The Knight and Squire resolve at once,  
The one the other to renounce.  
They both approach the Lady's Bower,  
The Squire to inform, the Knight to wooe her.  
She treats them with a Masquerade,  
By Furies and Hobgoblins made :  
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,  
And steals him, from himself, by Night.*

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## CANTO I.

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**T**IS true, no Lover has that Pow'r  
To enforce a desperate Amour,  
As he that has two Strings to's Bow,  
And burns for Love and Money too :  
For then he's Brave and Resolute,  
Disdains to render in his Suit,

Has all his *Flames* and *Raptures* double,  
And *hangs* or *drowns* with half the trouble,  
While those who fillily pursue  
The Simple, Downright Way and True,  
Make as unlucky Applications,  
And steer against the stream their Passions.  
Some forge their *Mistresses* of *Stars* :  
And when the Ladies prove averse,  
And more untoward to be won,  
Than by *Caligula* the *Moon*,  
Cry out upon the Stars for doing  
Ill Offices, to cross their *wooing* ;  
When only by themselves they're hindred,  
For trusting *those they made her Kindred* :  
And still, the harsher and hide-bounder  
The Damsels prove, become the fonder.  
For what mad Lover ever dy'd,  
To gain a soft and gentle *Bride* ?  
Or for a Lady tender-hearted,  
In *purling Streams* or *Hemp* departed ?  
Leap'd headlong in't *Elyzium*,  
Through th' Windows of a *dazling Room* ?  
But

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# CANTO I.

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But, for some cross ill-natur'd Dame,  
The am'rous Fly burnt in his *flame*.  
This to the *Knight* could be no *News*,  
With all Mankind so much in use;  
Who therefore took the wiser course,  
To make the most of his *Amours*,  
Resolv'd to try all sorts of ways,  
As follows in due *Time* and *Place*.

No sooner was the Bloody Fight  
Between the *Wizard* and the *Knight*,  
With all th' Appurtenances, over,  
But he relaps'd again t' a *Lover*:  
As he was always wont to do  
When h' had Discomfited a Foe,  
And us'd the only *Antick Philters*  
Deriv'd from old *Heroick Tilters*.  
But now Triumphant and Victorious,  
He held th' Atchievement was too glorious  
For such a Conqueror, to meddle  
With *Petty Constable*, or *Beadle*;  
Or fly for Refuge to the *Hostess*  
Of th' Inns of Court and Chanc'ry *Justice*;  
A 3 Who



Who might, perhaps, reduce his Cause  
To th' *Ordeal Tryal* of the Laws ;  
Where none escape, but such as branded.  
With red-hot Irons have past *bare handed* ;  
And if they cannot read one *Verse*  
*P th' Psalms*, must sing it, and that's worse,  
He therefore judging it below him,  
To tempt a shame the *Devil might owe him*,  
Resolv'd to leave the Squire for *Bail*  
And *Mainprize* for him, to the *Gaol*,  
To answer, with his Vessel, all  
That might disastrously befall,  
And thought it now the fittest juncture,  
To give the Lady a *Rencounter* ;  
T' acquaint her with his *Expedition*,  
And *Conquest* o'er the *fierce Magician* ;  
Describe the Manner of the Fray,  
And shew the Spoils he brought away ;  
His bloody *Scourging* aggravate,  
The Number of the Blows and Weight :  
All which might probably succeed,  
And gain Belief h' had done the Deed.  
Which

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# CANTO I.

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Which he resolv'd t' enforce, and spare  
No pawning of his Soul to swear;  
But, rather than produce his Back,  
To fet his Conscience on the Rack:  
And in pursuance of his urging  
Of Articles perform'd, and scourging,  
And all things else upon his part  
Demand delivery of her Heart,  
Her Goods, and Chattels, and good Graces,  
And Person, up to his embraces.  
Thought he, the ancient *Errant Knights*  
Won all their Ladies Hearts in *Fights*,  
And cut whole Gyants into Fritters,  
To put them into amorous *Twitters*;  
Whose stubborn Bowels scorn'd to yield  
Until their *Gallants* were half kill'd:  
But when their Bones were drub'd so fore  
They durst not *wooe one Combat* more,  
The Ladies Hearts began to melt,  
Subdu'd with Blows their Lovers felt.  
So *Spanish Heroes* with their Lances,  
At once wound *Bulls* and *Ladies Fancies*:

A 4

And

And he acquires the noblest Spouse  
 That Widows grearest Herds of Cows.  
 Then what may I expect to do,  
 Wh' have quell'd so vast a *Buffalo*?

Mean while the Squire was on his way,  
 The Knight's *late Orders* to obey;  
 Who sent him for a *strong Detachment*  
 Of *Beadle, Constable, and Watchmen*,  
 T' attack the *Cunning-man* for Plunder  
 Committed falsely on his Lumber,  
 When he, who had so lately sack'd  
 The Enemy, had done the Fact,  
 Had rifled all his Pokes and Fobs  
 Of *Gimcracks, Whims* and *Jiggumbobs*,  
 Which he by Hook or Crook had gather'd,  
 And for his own Inventions feather'd:  
 And when they should, at *Gaol-delivery*,  
 Unriddle one another's Thievery,  
 Both might have evidence enough  
 To render neither Halter-proof,  
 He thought it desperate to tarry,  
 And venture to be *accessary*:  
 But

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CANTO I.

---

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But rather wisely slip his Fetters,  
And leave them for the *Knight*, his *Betters*.  
He call'd to mind th' unjust foul play  
He would have offer'd him that day,  
To make him curry his own Hide,  
Which no Beast ever did beside.  
Without all possible evasion,  
But of the *Riding Dispensation*.  
And therefore much about the hour,  
The Knight ( for reasons told before )  
Resolv'd to leave him to the Fury  
Of *Justice*, and an *unpack'd Fury*.  
The *Squire* concur'd t' abandon him,  
And serve him in the self-same trim ;  
T' acquaint the *Lady* what h' had done,  
And what he meant to carry on ;  
What *Project* 'twas he went about,  
When *Sidrophel* and he fell out ;  
His firm and stedfast Resolution,  
To swear her to an *Execution* :  
To pawn his inward Ears to marry her,  
And bribe the Devil himself to carry her.

In



In which both dealt, as if they meant  
 Their *Party Saints* to represent,  
 Who never fail'd, upon their sharing  
 In any prosperous *Arms-bearing*,  
 To lay themselves out, to supplant  
 Each other *Cousin-Germain Saint*,  
 But e'er the *Knight* could do his part,  
 The *Squire* had got so much the start,  
 H' had to the Lady done his Errand,  
 And told her all his Tricks aforehand.  
 Just as he finish'd his Report,  
 The *Knight* alighted in the Court ;  
 And having ty'd his Beast t' a Pale,  
 And taken time for both to stale,  
 He put his Band and Beard in order,  
 The sprucer to accost and board her ;  
 And now began t' approach the Door ;  
 When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,  
 Convey'd th' *Informer* out of sight,  
 And went to entertain the *Knight*.  
 With whom encountring *after Longees*,  
 Of *humble and submissive Congees*,

And

# CANTO I.

9

And all *due Ceremonies* paid,  
He stroak'd his Beard, and thus he said.

Madam, I do, as is my Duty,  
Honour the Shadow of your Shoe-tye:  
And now am come, to bring your Ear  
A Present you'll be glad to hear;  
At least I hope so. The thing's done,  
Or may I never see the Sun;  
For which I humbly now demand  
Performance at your Gentle Hand:  
And that you'd please to do your part,  
As I have done mine to my smart.

With that he shrugg'd his sturdy Back,  
As if he felt his Shoulders ake.  
But she, who well enough knew what  
Before he spoke (he would) be at,  
Pretended not to apprehend  
The Mystery of what he mean'd:  
And therefore wish'd him to expound  
His dark Expressions *less profound*.  
Madam, *quoth he*, I come to prove,  
How much I've suffer'd for your Love,  
Which

Which (like your Votary) to win,  
I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin :  
And, for those meritorious Lashes,  
To claim your Favour and good Graces.  
*Quoth she*, I do remember once  
I freed you from th' enchanted Sconce;  
And that you promis'd, for that Favour,  
To bind your Back to th' good Behaviour,  
And for my Sake and Service vow'd  
To lay upon't a heavy Load,  
And what 'twould bear t' a scruple prove,  
As other Knights do oft make love.  
Which, whether you have done or no,  
Concerns your self, not me, to know.  
But if you have I shall confess,  
Y' are honefter than I could guess.  
*Quoth he*, If you suspect my troth,  
I cannot prove it but by Oath ;  
And if you make a question on't,  
I'll pawn my Soul, that I have don't ;  
And he that makes his Soul his Surety,  
I think does give the best Security.

*Quoth*

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## CANTO I. 11

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*Quoth she*, Some say, the Soul's secure  
Against Distress and Forfeiture;  
Is free from Action and exempt  
From Execution and Contempt;  
And to be summon'd to appear  
In th' other World, 's illegal here:  
And therefore few make any account,  
Int' what Incumbrances they run't.  
For most Men carry things so even  
Between this World, and Hell and Heaven,  
Without the least offence to either,  
They freely deal in all together;  
And equally abhor to quit  
This World for both, or both for it.  
And when they pawn and damn their Souls,  
They are but Pris'ners on Paroles.  
For that, *quoth he*, 'tis rational,  
They may be accomptable in all.  
For when there is that intercourse  
Between Divine and Humane Pow'rs,  
That all that we determine here  
Commands Obedience every-where;  
When



When Penalties may be commuted  
For Fines, or Ears, and Executed ;  
It follows, nothing binds so fast  
As Souls in Pawn, and Mortgage past :  
For Oaths are th' only Tests and Scales  
Of Right and Wrong, and True and False ;  
And there's no other way to try  
The Doubts of Law and Justice by.  
*Quoth she*, What is it you would Swear ?  
There's no believing till I hear :  
For till th' are understood, all Tales  
(Like Nonsense) are not True, nor False.  
*Quoth he*, When I resolv'd t' obey  
What you commanded th' other day,  
And to perform my Exercise,  
(As Schools are wont) for your fair Eyes ;  
T' avoid all Scruples in the Case,  
I went to do't upon the Place.  
But as the Castle is enchanted  
By *Sidrophel* the Witch, and haunted  
With evil Spirits, as you know,  
Who took my Squire and me for two :  
Before

Before I'd hardly time to lay  
My Weapons by, and disarray,  
I heard a formidable Noise  
Loud as the Stentrophonick Voice,  
That roar'd far off, Dispatch and Strip,  
I'm ready with th' Infernal Whip,  
That shall divest thy Ribs of Skin,  
To expiate thy lingering Sin.  
Th' hast broke perfidiously thy Oath,  
And not perform'd thy plighted Troth:  
But spar'd thy Renegado Back,  
Where th' hadst so great a Prize at Stake:  
Which now the Fates have order'd me  
For Penance and Revenge to Play,  
Unless thou presently make haste.  
Time is, Time was: and there it ceas'd.  
With which, though startled, I confess,  
Yet th' Horror of the thing was less  
Than th' other dismal apprehension  
Of Interruption or Prevention.  
And therefore snatching up the Rod,  
I laid upon my Back a load:  
Resolv'd

Resolv'd to spare no Flesh and Blood,  
To make my Word and Honour good.  
Till tir'd, and taking Truce at length,  
For new Recruits of Breath and Strength,  
I felt the Blows still ply'd as fast,  
As if th' had been by Lovers plac'd,  
In Raptures of Platonick Lashing,  
And Chast Contemplative Bardashing.  
When facing hastily about,  
To stand upon my Guard and Scout,  
I found th' Infernal Cunning-man,  
And th' Under-witch, his *Caliban*,  
With Scourges (like the Furies) arm'd  
That on my outward Quarters storm'd.  
In hast I snatch'd my Weapon up,  
And gave their Hellish Rage a stop ;  
Call'd thrice upon your Name, and fell  
Courageously on *Sidrophel* :  
Who now transform'd himself t' a Bear,  
Began to roar aloud and tear ;  
When I as furiously prest on,  
My Weapon down his Throat to run.

Laid

Laid hold on him ; but he broke loose,  
And turn'd himself into a Goose,  
Div'd under Water in a Pond,  
To hide himself from being found.  
In vain I fought him, but as soon  
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,  
Prepar'd with equal Haste and Rage,  
His Under-Sorcerer t' ingage.  
But bravely scorning to defile  
My Sword with feeble Bloud and vile ;  
I judg'd it better from a Quick-  
Set-Hedge to cut a knotted Stick,  
With which I furiously laid on ;  
Till in a harsh and doleful tone  
It roar'd, Oh hold for pity, Sir :  
I am too great a Sufferer,  
Abus'd as you have been, b' a Witch,  
But conjur'd int' a worse Caprich :  
Who sends me out on many a Jaunt,  
Old Houses in the Night to haunt,  
For Opportunities t' improve  
Designs of Thievery or Love ;

B

With



With Drugs convey'd in Drink or Meat,  
All Feats of Witches counterfeit ;  
Kill Pigs and Geese with poud'red Glas,  
And make it for Inchantments pass ;  
With Cow-ich meazle like a Leper,  
And choak with Fumes of Guiny-Pepper ;  
Make Leaches and their Punks with Dewtry  
Commit phantastical Advowtry ;  
Bewitch Hermetick Men to run  
stark staring mad with *Manicon* ;  
Believe Mechanick *Virtuosi*  
Can raise 'em Moutains in *Potosi* ;  
And sillier than the Antick Fools,  
Take Treasure for a Heap of Coals :  
Seek out for Plants with Signatures,  
To Quack of Universal Cures ;  
With Figures ground on Panes of Glas,  
Make People on their Heads to pass :  
And mighty heaps of Coyn increase,  
Reflected from a single Piece :  
To draw in Fools, whose nat'ral Itches  
Incline perpetually to Witches ;

And

And keep me in continual Fears;  
And Danger of my Neck and Ears:  
When less Delinquents have been scourg'd,  
And Hemp on wooden Anvils forg'd,  
Which others for Cravats have worn  
About their Necks, and took a Turn!  
I pity'd the sad Punishment  
The *wretched* *Caitiff* underwent;  
And held my Drubbing of his Bones  
Too great an Honour for *Pultrones*;  
For Knights are bound to feel no Blows  
From paltry and unequal Foes,  
Who when they Slash and cut to Pieces,  
Do all with civillest addreses:  
Their Horses never give a blow;  
But when they make a Leg and Bow.  
I therefore spar'd his Flesh, and prest him  
About the Witch with many a Question.  
*Quoth he*; For many Years he drove  
A kind of Broking-Trade in Love,  
Employ'd in all th' Intrigues and Trust;  
Of feeble Speculative Lust;  
B 2                      Procurer

Procurer to th' Extravagancy  
And crazy Ribaldry of Fancy,  
By those the Devil had forfook,  
As things below him, to provoke.  
But b'ing a Virtuosi, able  
To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,  
He held his Talent most Adroit  
For any Mystical Exploit ;  
As others of his Tribe had done,  
And rais'd their Prizes Three to One.  
For one predicting Pimp has th' Odds  
Of Chauldrons of plain downright Bauds.  
Bus as an Elf ( the Devil's Valet )  
Is not so slight a thing to get ;  
For those that do his business best,  
In Hell are us'd the ruggedest ;  
Before so meriting a Person  
Could get a Grant, but in Reversion,  
He serv'd two Prentiships and longer  
I' th' Myst'ry of a Lady-Monger.  
For ( as some write ) a Witch's Ghost,  
As soon as from the Body loos'd,  
Becomes

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# CANTO I. 19

---

Becomes a Puny-Imp it self,  
And is another Witch's Elf.  
He after searching far and near,  
At length found one in *Lancashire*,  
With whom he bargain'd beforehand,  
And, after hanging, entertain'd.  
Since which h' has plaid a thousand Feats,  
And practis'd all Mechanick Cheats :  
Transform'd himself to th' ugly Shapes  
Of Wolves, and Bears, Baboons, and Apes ;  
Which he has vary'd more than Witches,  
Or *Pharoh's* Wizard could their Switches ;  
And all with whom h' has had to do,  
Turn'd to as monstrous Figures too.  
Witness my self, whom h' has abus'd,  
And to this beastly Shape reduc'd.  
By feeding me on Beans and Pease,  
He crams in nasty Crevises,  
And turns to Comfits by his Arts,  
To make me relish for Deserts,  
And one by one with shame and Fear  
Lick up the candi'd Provender.



Beside — But as h' was running on,  
To tell what other Feats h' had done,  
The Lady stopt his full Career,  
And told him, now 'twas time to hear :  
If half those things (*said she*) be true.  
(Th' are all (*quoth he*) I swear by you :)  
Why then (*said she*) that *Sidrophel*  
Has damn'd himself to th' Pit of Hell ;  
Who, mounted on a Broom, the Nag  
And Hackney of a *Lapland* Hag,  
In Quest of you came hither Post,  
Within an Hour ( I'm sure ) at most ;  
Who told me all you Swear and Say,  
Quite contrary another way ;  
Vow'd, that you came to him to know,  
If you should carry me or no ;  
And would have hir'd him and his Imps.  
To be your Match-makers and Pimps,  
T'ingage the Devil on your side,  
And steal (*like Proserpine*) your Bride.  
But he disdaining to embrace  
So filthy a Design and base,

You fell to Vapouring and Huffing,  
And drew upon him like a Ruffin ;  
Surpriz'd him meanly, unprepar'd,  
Before h' had time to mount his Guard;  
And left him Dead upon the Ground,  
With many a Bruise and desperate Wound :  
Swore you had broke and rob'd his House,  
And stole his *Talismanique* Louse,  
And all his New found Old Inventions ;  
VVith flat Felonious Intentions ;  
Which he could bring out, where he had,  
And what he bought 'em for and paid ;  
His Flea, his *Morpion*, and *Punese*.  
H' had gotten for his proper ease,  
And all in perfect Minutes made,  
By th' ablest Artists of the Trade ;  
Which ( he could prove it ) since he lost,  
He has been eaten up almost ;  
And all together might amount  
To many Hundreds on Account :  
For which h' had got sufficient Warrant  
To seize the Malefactors Errant,

Without capacity of Bail,  
But of a Cart's or Horſe's Tail;  
And did not doubt to bring the Wretches,  
To ſerve for Pendulums to Watches;  
Which modern Virtuoso's ſay,  
Incline to hanging every way.  
Beſides he ſwore, and ſwore 'twas true,  
That e'er he went in Queſt of you,  
He ſet a Figure to diſcover  
If you were fled to *Rye* or *Dover*;  
And found it clear, that to betray  
Your ſelves and me, you fled this way;  
And that he was upon perſuit,  
To take you ſomewhere here about.  
He vow'd h' had Intelligence  
Of all that paſt before and ſince:  
And found, that e'er you came to him,  
Y' had been ingaging Life and Limb,  
About a Caſe of tender Conſcience,  
Where both abounded in your own Senſe;  
Till *Ralpho*, by his Light and Grace,  
Had clear'd all Scruples in the Caſe;  
And

And prov'd that you might swear, and own  
Whatever's by the Wicked done.

For which, most basely to requite  
The Service of his Gifts and Light,  
You strove t' oblige him by main force,  
To scourge his Ribs instead of yours,  
But that he stood upon his Guard,  
And all your vapouring outdar'd;  
For which, between you both, the Feat  
Has never been perform'd as yet.

While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight  
Turn'd th' outside of his Eyes to white.  
(As Men of Inward Light are wont  
To turn their Opticks in upon't.)

He wonder'd how she came to know  
What he had done, and meant to do :

Held up his *Affidavit Hand*,

As if h' had been to be Arraign'd:

Cast tow'r'd the Door a ghastly look,

In dread of *Sidrophel*, and spoke.

Madam, If but one word be true

Of all the Wizard has told you,

Or



Or but one single Circumstance  
 In all th' Apocryphal Romance,  
 May dreadful Earthquakes swallow down  
 This Vessel, that is all your own ;  
 Or may the Heavens fall, and cover  
 These Reliques of your constant Lover.  
 You have provided well, *quoth she*,  
 ( I thank you ) for your self and me ;  
 And shewn your *Presbyterian* Wits  
 Jump punctual with the *Jesuits*.  
 A most compendious way and civil,  
 At once to cheat the World, the Devil,  
 And Heav'n and Hell, your selves and Those  
 On whom you vainly think t' impose.  
 Why then ( *quoth he* ) may Hell surprize.  
 That trick ( *said she* ) will not pass twice :  
 I've learn'd how far I'm to believe  
 Your pinning Oaths upon your Sleeve.  
 But there's a better way of Clearing ( *ing* ;  
 What you would prove, than downright Swear-  
 For if you have perform'd the Feat,  
 The Blows are visible as yet  
 Enough

Enough to serve for satisfaction  
Of nicest scruples in the Action.  
And if you can produce those Knobs,  
Although th' are but the Witches Drubs,  
I'll pass them all upon account,  
As if your natural Self had don't.  
Provided that they pass th' Opinion  
Of able Juries of old Women,  
Who, us'd to judge all matter of Facts  
For Bellies, may do so for Backs.

Madam, (*quoth he*) your Love's a Million,  
To do, is less, than to be willing,  
As I am, were it in my pow'r  
T' obey, what you command, and more.  
But for performing what I bid,  
I thank y' as much as if I did.  
You know I ought to have a care  
To keep my Wounds from taking Air :  
For Wounds, in those that are all Heart,  
Are dangerous in any Part.

I find (*quoth she*) my Goods and Chattels  
Are like to prove but meer drawn Battels ;  
For

For still the longer we contend,  
We are but farther off the end.  
But granting now we should agree,  
What is it you expect from me?  
Your plighted Faith (*quoth he*) and Word  
You past in Heaven on Record,  
Whereall Contracts, to have and t' hold,  
Are everlastingly inroll'd.  
And if 'tis counted Treason, here  
To raze Records, 'tis much more there.  
*Quoth she*, There are no Bargains driv'n,  
Nor Marriages clapp'd up in Heaven,  
And that's the reason, as some guess,  
There is no Heav'n in Marriages;  
Two things that naturally press  
Too narrowly, to be a tease.  
Their bus'ness there is only Love,  
Which Marriage is not like t' improve.  
Love, that's too generous, t' abide  
To be against its Nature ty'd:  
For where 'tis of it self inclin'd,  
It breaks loose when it is confin'd;  
And



And like the Soul, its harbourer,  
Debar'd the Freedom of the Air,  
Disdains against its will to stay,  
But struggles out and flies away :  
And therefore never can comply,  
T' endure the Matrimonial Tye,  
That binds the Female and the Male,  
Where th' one is but the other's Bail ;  
Like *Roman* Gaolers, when they slept,  
Chain'd to the Prisoners they kept.  
Of which the True and Faithfull'st Lover  
Gives best security, to suffer.  
Marriage is but a Beast, some say,  
That carries double in foul way ;  
And therefore 'tis not to be admir'd  
It should so suddenly be tir'd :  
A Bargain at a venture made  
Between two Partners in a Trade,  
( For what's inferr'd by T' have, and t' hold,  
But something past away, and sold ? )  
That as it makes but one of two,  
Reduces all things else as low :

And



And at the best is but a Mart  
Between the one and th' other part;  
That on the Marriage-day is paid,  
Or hour of Death, the Bet it laid,  
And all the rest of bett'r or worse  
Both are but Losers out of Purse.  
For when upon their ungot Heirs  
Th' intail themselves, and all that's theirs,  
What blinder Bargain e'er was driv'n,  
Or Wager laid at six and sev'n ;  
To pass themselves away, and turn  
Their Childrens Tenants e'er th' are born?  
Beg one another Idiot  
To Guardians, e'er they are begot;  
Or ever shall, perhaps, by th' one,  
Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,  
Though got b' Implicit Generation,  
And General Club of all the Nation :  
For which she's fortify'd no less  
Than all the Island, with four Seas;  
Exacts the Tribute of her Dow'r,  
In ready Insolence and Pow'r ;

And

And make him pass away, to have  
And hold, to her, himself, her Slave,  
More wretched than an ancient Villain,  
Condemn'd to Drudgery and Tilling ;  
While all he does upon the By,  
She is not bound to Justifie,  
Nor at her proper Cost and Charge  
Maintain the Feats he does at large.  
Such hideous Sots were those obedient  
Old Vassals to their Ladies Regent ;  
To give the Cheats the eldest hand  
In foul Play, by the Laws o'th Land ;  
For which so many a legal Cuckold  
Has been run down in Courts, and truckl'd,  
A Law that most unjustly yokes  
All *Johns of Stiles* to *Joans of Nokes*,  
Without distinction of Degree,  
Condition, Age or Quality ;  
Admits no Pow'r of Revocation,  
Nor valuable Consideration,  
Nor Writ of Error, nor Reverse  
Of Judgment past for better or worse ;

Will

Will not allow the Privileges  
That Beggars challenge under Hedges, (fes  
Who, when th' are griev'd, can make dead Hor-  
Their Spiritual Judges of Divorces ;  
While nothing else but *Rem in Re*  
Can set the proudest Wretches free ;  
A Slavery beyond enduring,  
But that 'tis of their own procuring :  
As Spiders never seek the Fly,  
But leave him, of himself, t' apply ;  
So Men are by themselves betray'd,  
To quit the Freedom they enjoy'd,  
And run their Necks into a Nooze.  
They'd break 'em after, to break loose.  
As some, whom Death would not depart,  
Have done the Feat themselves by Art.  
Like *Indian-Widows*, gone to Bed  
In flaming Curtains to the Dead :  
And Men as often dangled for't,  
And yet will never leave the Sport.  
Nor do the Ladies want excuse  
For all the Stratagems they use,

To



To gain th' Advantage of the Set,  
And lurch the Am'rous Rook and Cheat.  
For as the Pythagorean Soul  
Runs through all Beasts, and Fish, and Fowl,  
And has a Smack of ev'ry one:  
So Love does, and has ever done.  
And therefore, though 'tis ne'er so fond,  
Takes strangely to the Vagabond.  
'Tis but an Ague that's reverst,  
Whose hot Fit takes the Patient first,  
That after burns with Cold as much  
As Ir'n in *Greenland* does the touch;  
Melts in the Furnace of desire,  
Like Glas, that's but the Ice of Fire;  
And when his heat of Fancy's over,  
Becomes as hard and frail a Lover.  
For when h's with Love-powder laden,  
And Prim'd and Cock'd by Miss, or Madam,  
The smallest sparkle of an Eye  
Gives Fire to his Artillery;  
And off the loud Oaths, go but while  
Th' are in the very Act, recoil.



Hence tis, so few dare take their chance  
Without a sep'rate maintenance:  
And Widows, who have try'd one Lover,  
Trust none again, till th' have made over.  
Or if they do, before they marry,  
The Foxes weigh the Geese they carry :  
And ere they venture on a stream,  
Know how to size themselves and them.  
Whence witty'st Ladies always choose  
To undertake the heaviest Goose.  
For now the World is grown so wary,  
That few of either Sex dare Marry,  
But rather trust on tick t' Amours,  
The Crofs and Pile for bett'r or Worse :  
A Mode that is held honourable,  
As well as *French* and fashionable,  
For when it falls out for the best,  
Where both are incommoded least,  
In Soul and Body two unite,  
To make up one Hermaphrodite ;  
Still am'rous, and fond, and billing,  
Like *Philip* and *Mary* on a Shilling,

Th'

Th' have more Punctilio's and Capriches  
Between the Petticoat and Breeches;  
More petulant Extravagancies,  
Than Poets make 'em in Romances,  
Though, when their Heroes 'spouse the Dames,  
We hear no more of Charms and Flames:  
For then their late attracts decline,  
And turn as eager as prick'd Wine;  
And all their Catterwauling tricks,  
In earnest to as jealous Piques:  
Which th' Ancients wisely signify'd;  
By th' Yellow Mantau's of the Bride;  
For Jealousie is but a kind  
Of Clap and Crincam of the Mind,  
The natural effect of Love,  
As other Flames and Aches prove:  
But all the Mischief is, the doubt  
On whose account they first broke out;  
For though *Chineses* go to Bed,  
And lie In in their Ladies stead,  
And for the Pains they took before,  
Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more:

Our *Green-men* do it worse, when th' hap  
To fall in Labour of a Clap ;  
Both lay the Child to one another :  
But who's the Father, who the Mother,  
'Tis hard to say in Multitudes,  
Or who imported the *French Goods*.  
But Health and Sicknes b'ing all one,  
Which both engag'd before to own,  
And are not with their Bodies bound  
To Worship only when th' are found :  
Both give and take their equal shares  
Of all they suffer by false Wares :  
A Fate no Lover can divert  
With all his Caution, Wit, and Art.  
For 'tis in vain to think to guess  
At Women by Appearances,  
That Paint and Patch their Imperfections  
Of Intellectual Complexions,  
And daub their Tempers o'er with Washes  
As artificial as their Faces ;  
Wear under Vizard-Masks their Talents  
And Mother Wits before their Gallants ;

Until

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# CANTO I. 35

---

Until th' are hamper'd in the Nooze,  
Too fast to dream of breaking loose:  
When all the Flaws they strove to hide  
Are made unready, with the Bride,  
That with her Wedding-cloaths undresses  
Her Complaisance and Gentilesses ;  
Tries all her Arts, to take upon her  
The Government from th' easie owner.  
Until the Wretch is glad to wave  
His lawful Right, and turn her Slave ;  
Finds all his Having and his Holding,  
Reduc'd t' eternal Noise and Scolding.  
The Conjugal Petard, that tears  
Down all Portcullices of Ears,  
And makes the Volly of one Tongue  
For all their Leathern Shields too strong,  
When only arm'd with Noise and Nails,  
The Female Silk-worms ride the Males,  
Transform 'em into *Rams* and *Goats*,  
Like *Sirens* with their charming Notes,  
Sweet as a *Screech Owl's* Serenade,  
Or those enchanting Murmurs made



By th' Husband *Mandrake* and the Wife,  
Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.

*Quoth he*, These Reasons are but Strains  
Of wanton, over-heated Brains,  
Which Ralliers in their Wit or Drink  
Do rather wheedle with, than think.

Man was not Man in *Paradise*,  
Until he was Created twice,  
And had his better half, his Bride,  
Carv'd from th' Original, his side,  
T' amend his natural Defects,  
And perfect his recruited Sex,  
Inlarge his Breed, at once, and lessen  
The pains and labour of increasing,  
By changing them for other Cares,  
As by his dry'd-up-Paps appears,  
His Body, that stupendious Frame,  
Of all the World the Anagram,  
Is of two equal Parts compact,  
In Shape and Symmetry exact.  
Of which the Left and Female side  
Is to the Manly Right a Bride,

Both

Both joyn'd together with such Art,  
That nothing else but Death can part.  
Those heaven'ly Attracts of yours, your Eyes,  
And Face, that all the World surprize,  
That dazle all that look upon ye,  
And scorch all other Ladies tawny ;  
Those ravishing and charming Graces,  
Are all made up of two half Faces,  
That in a Mathematick Line,  
Like those in other Heavens, join.  
Of which if either grew alone,  
Twould fright as much to look upon :  
And so would that sweet Bud, your Lip,  
Without the other's fellowship.  
Our Noblest Senses act by Pairs,  
Two Eyes to see, to hear two Ears ;  
Th' Intelligencers of the Mind,  
To wait upon the Soul design'd.  
But those that serve the Body alone,  
Are single, and confin'd to one.  
The World is but two Parts, that meet,  
And close at th' Æquinoctial, fit ;

And so are all the works of Nature,  
Stamp'd with her Signature on Matter :  
Which all her Creatures, to a Leaf,  
Or smallest Blade of Grass, receive.  
All which sufficiently declare  
How 'ntirely Marriage is her Care,  
The only Method that she uses,  
In all the Wonders she produces.  
And those that take their Rules from her,  
Can never be deceiv'd, nor err.  
For what secures the Civil Life  
But pawns of Children, and a Wife ;  
That lie like Hostages, at stake,  
To pay for all Men undertake ;  
To whom it is as necessary,  
As to be born, and breath, to Marry ;  
So Universal, all Mankind  
In nothing else is of one mind.  
For in what stupid Age, or Nation,  
Was Marriage ever out of Fashion ;  
Unless among the *Amazons*,  
Or vestal *Friars*, and Cloister'd *Nuns*,

Or *Stoicks*, who, to bar the Freaks  
And loose Excesses of the Sex,  
Preposterously would have all Women  
Turn'd up to all the World in common.  
'Though Men would find such mortal Fewds  
In sharing of their publick Goods,  
T'would put them to more charge of Lives,  
Than th' are supply'd with now by Wives;  
Until they Graze, and wear their Cloaths,  
As Beasts do, of their Native Growths:  
For simple wearing of their Horns,  
Will not suffice to serve their turns.  
For what can we pretend t' inherit,  
Unless the Marriage-deed will bear it?  
Could claim no Right to Lands or Rents,  
But for our Parents Scuttlements.  
Had been but younger Sons o' th' Earth,  
Debarr'd it all, but for our Birth,  
What Honours, or Estates of Peers  
Could be preserv'd but by their Heirs?  
And what security maintains  
Their Right and Title, but the Banes?

What



What Crowns could be Hereditary,  
If greatest Monarchs did not marry,  
And with their Consorts consummate  
Their weightiest Interests of State?  
For all th' Amour of Princes are  
But Guarranties of Peace or War.  
Or what but Marriage has a Charm,  
The Rage of Empires to disarm,  
Make Bloud and Desolation cease,  
And Fire and Sword unite in Peace,  
When all their fierce Conteſts for Forage  
Conclude in Articles of Marriage!  
Nor does the Genial Bed provide  
Leſs for the Interests of the Bride;  
Who else had not the least pretence  
T' as much as Due Benevolence;  
Could no more Title take upon her  
To Vertue, Quality, and Honour,  
Than Ladies Errant, unconfin'd,  
And Feme Coverts to all Mankind.  
All Women would be of one piece,  
The vertuous Matron, and the Miſs;

The

The Nymphs of chaste *Diana's* Train,  
The same with those in *Lewkner's* Lane ;  
But for the difference Marriage makes  
'Twixt Wives, and Ladies of the Lakes.  
Besides, the Joys of Place and Birth,  
The Sex's Paradise on Earth ;  
A Privilege so Sacred held,  
That none will to their Mothers yield ;  
But rather than not go before,  
Abandon Heaven at the Door.  
And if th' indulgent Law allows  
A greater Freedom to the Spouse ;  
The Reason is, Because the Wife  
Runs greater Hazards of her Life ;  
Is trusted with the Form and Matter  
Of all Mankind by careful Nature.  
Where Man brings nothing but the Stuff,  
She frames the wondrous Fabrick of :  
Who therefore, in a streight, may freely  
Demand the Clergy of her Belly,  
And make it save her, the same way,  
It seldom misses to betray.

Unless

Unless both Parties wisely enter  
Into the Liturgy-Indenture.

And though some Fits of small Contest  
Sometimes fall out among the best,  
That is no more than every Lover  
Does from his Hackney-Lady suffer.

That makes no Breach of Faith and Love,  
But rather (sometime) serves t' improve.  
For, as in Running, ev'ry Pace,  
Is but between two Legs a Race,  
In which both do their uttermost  
To get before, and win the Post ;  
Yet when th' are at their Race's Ends,  
Th' are still as kind and constant Friends;  
And to relieve their Weariness,  
By turns give one another Ease :  
So all those false Alarms of Strife,  
Between the Husband and the Wife,  
And little Quarrels often prove  
To be but new Recruits of Love.  
When those wh' are always kind or coy,  
In time must either tire or cloy.

Nor

Nor are their loudest Clamours more,  
Than as th' are relish'd, Sweet or Sour :  
Like Musick, that proves bad, or good  
According as 'tis understood.

In all Amours a Lover burns,  
With Frowns, as well as Smiles, by turns :  
And Hearts have been as oft with Sullen,  
As charming Looks, surpriz'd and stollen.

Then why should more bewitching Clamour  
Some Lovers not as much enamour ?

For Discords make the sweetest Airs,  
And Curfes are a kind of Prayers :  
Too slight Alloys for all those grand  
Felicities by Marriage gain'd.

For nothing else has pow'r to settle  
Th' interests of Love perpetual.

An Act and Deed that makes one Heart  
Become another's Counter-part,

And passes Fines on Faith and Love,  
Inroll'd and Register'd above,

To seal the slippery knot of Vows,  
Which nothing else but Death can loose.

And



And what Security's too strong,  
To guard that gentle Heart from wrong,  
That to its Friend is glad to pass  
It self away, and all it has ;  
And like an Anchorite, gives over  
This World, for th' Heaven of a Lover ?

I grant (*quoth she*) there are some few  
Who take that course and find it true :  
But Millions, whom the same does Sentence  
To Heaven b' another way, Repentance.  
Love's Arrows are but shot at Rovers,  
Though all they hit they turn to Lovers:  
And all the weighty consequents  
Depend upon more blind events  
Than Gamesters, when they play a Set  
With greatest cunning at Piquet,  
Put out with caution, but take in  
They know not what, unsight, unseen.  
For what do Lovers, when th' are fast  
In one another's Arms embrac'd,  
But strive to plunder and convey  
Each other, like a Prize, away ?

To change the property of selves  
As sucking Children are by Elves ?  
And if they use their Persons so,  
What will they to their Fortunes do?  
Their Fortunes! the perpetual aims  
Of all their Ecstasies and Flames.  
For when the Money's on the Book,  
And, All my Worldly Goods — but spoke;  
( The Formal Livery and Seisin  
That puts a Lover in possession )  
To that alone the Bridegroom's wedded,  
The Bride a Flam that's superseded.  
To that their Faith is still made good,  
And all the Oaths to us they vow'd.  
For when we once resign our Pow'rs,  
W' have nothing left we can call ours.  
Our Money's now become the Mifs,  
Of all your Lives and Services ;  
And we forsaken, and Post-pon'd,  
But Bawds to what before we own'd,  
Which as it made y' at first Gallant us,  
So now hires others to supplant us,

Until

Until 'tis all turn'd out of Doors,  
(As we had been for new Amours.  
For what did ever Heirefs yet  
By being born to Lordships get?  
When the more Lady sh' is of Mannors,  
She's but expos'd to more Trepaners,  
Pays for their Projects and Designs,  
And, for her own destruction, Fines,  
And does but tempt them with her Riches,  
To use her as the Dev'l does Witches;  
Who takes it for a special Grace,  
To be their Cully for a space,  
That, when the time's expir'd, the Drazels  
For ever may become his Vassals.  
So she, bewitch'd by Rooks and Spirits,  
Betrays her self, and all sh' inherits  
Is bought and sold, like stollen goods,  
By Pimps, and Match-makers, and Bauds:  
Until they force her to convey,  
And steal the Thief himself away.  
These are the everlasting Fruits  
Of all your passionate Love-suits,

Th'

Th' effects of all your amorous Fancies  
To Portions and Inheritances,  
Your Love-sick Raptures for fruition  
Of Dowry, Jointure, and Tuition;  
To which you make Address and Courtship,  
And with your Bodies strive to Worship,  
That th' Infants Fortunes may pertake  
Of Love too, for the Mother's sake.  
For these, you play at Purposes,  
And love your Loves with *A's* and *B's*:  
For these, at *Beast* and *L' hombre* woe,  
And play for Love and Money too;  
Strive who shall be the ablest Man  
At right Gallanting of a Fan,  
And who the most genteelly bred  
At sucking of a Vizard Bead,  
How best t' accost us in all Quarters  
T' our question-and-command New Garters;  
And solidly discourse upon  
All sorts of Dresses *Pro* and *Con*.  
For there's no Mystery nor Trade,  
But in the Art of Love is made.

D

And



And when you have more Debts to pay  
Than *Michaelmas* and *Lady-day*,  
And no way possible to do't;  
But Love and Oaths and restless Suit,  
To us y' apply, to pay the Scores  
Of all your cully'd, past Amours;  
Act o'er your Flames and Darts again,  
And charge us with your wounds and pain,  
Which others influences long since  
Have charm'd your Noses with, and Shins;  
For which the Surgeon is unpaid,  
And like to be, without our aid.  
Lord! what an Am'rous thing is Want!  
How Debts and Mortgages inchant!  
What Graces must that Lady have,  
That can from Execution save!  
What Charms, that can reverse Extent,  
And null Decree and Exigent!  
What Magical Attracts and Graces,  
That can redeem from *Scire Facias*;  
From Bonds and Statutes can discharge,  
And from Contempts of Courts enlarge!  
These

These are the higheſt Excellencies  
Of all our true or falſe Pretences.  
And you would damn your ſelves, and ſwear  
As much t' an Hoſteſs Dowager,  
Grown fat and purſy by Retail  
Of Pots of Beer, and Bottled Ale ;  
And find her fitter for your turn,  
For Fat is wondrous apt to burn ;  
Who at your Flames would ſoon take Fire,  
Relent, and melt to your deſire,  
And, like a Candle in the Socket,  
Diſſolve her Grace's in t' your Pocket.

By this time t'was grown dark and late,  
When th' heard a knocking at the Gate,  
Laid on in haſt with ſuch a powder,  
The blows grew louder ſtill and louder.  
Which *Hudibras*, as if th' had been  
Beſtow'd as freely on his Skin,  
Expounding by his Inward Light,  
Or rather more Prophetick Fright,  
To be the Wizard, come to ſearch,  
And take him napping in the lurch,

Turn'd pale as Ashes, or a Clout ;  
But why, or wherefore, is a doubt :  
For Men will tremble, and turn paler,  
With too much, or too little Valour.  
His Heart laid on, as if it try'd  
To force a passage through his Side,  
Impatient ( as he vow'd ) to wait 'em ;  
But in a Fury to fly at 'em ;  
And therefore beat, and laid about,  
To find a cranny to creep out.  
But she, who saw in what a taking  
The Knight was by his furious quaking.  
Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight,  
Know I'm resolv'd to break no Right  
Of Hospitality t' a Stranger,  
But to secure you out of danger,  
Will here my self stand Sentinel,  
To guard this Pass 'gainst *Sidrophel*.  
Women, you know, do seldom fail,  
To make the stoutest Men turn tail :  
And bravely scorn to turn their Backs  
Upon the desperat'ft Attacks.

At

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## CANTO I. 51

---

At this the Knight grew resolute  
As *Ironside*, or *Hardiknute* ;  
His Fortitude began to rally,  
And out he cry'd aloud, to sally.  
But she besought him, to convey  
His Courage rather out o'th' way,  
And lodge in Ambush on the Floor,  
Or fortify'd behind a Door.  
That if the Enemy should enter,  
He might relieve her in th' Adventure.

Mean while, they knock'd against the Door,  
As fierce as at the Gate before ;  
Which made the Renegado Knight  
Relapse again t' his former fright.  
He thought it desperate to stay  
Till th' Enemy had forc'd his way.  
But rather post himself, to serve  
The Lady, for a fresh Reserve.  
His Duty was not to dispute,  
But what sh' had order'd execute ;  
Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey,  
And therefore stoutly march'd away ;



And all he encountred fell upon,  
Though in the dark and all alone.  
Till Fear, that braver Feats performs  
Than ever Courage dar'd in Arms,  
Had drawn him up before a Pass,  
To stand upon his Guard, and face.  
This he courageously invaded,  
And having enter'd, *Barricado'd* :  
Inscorn'd himself as formidable  
As could be, underneath a Table ;  
Where he lay down in Ambush close,  
T' expect the arrival of his Foes.  
Few minutes had he lain perdue,  
To guard his desp'rate Avenue,  
Before he heard a dreadful shout,  
As loud as putting to the Rout ;  
With which impatiently alarm'd,  
He fanci'd th' Enemy had storm'd,  
And after entring *Sidrophel*  
Was fall'n upon the Guards pell-mell.  
He therefore sent out all his Senses,  
To bring him in Intelligences.

Which

Which Vulgars out of ignorance  
Mistake, for falling in a Trance:  
But those that trade in *Geomancy*,  
Affirm to be the strength of Fancy:  
In which the *Lapland-Magi* deal,  
And things incredible reveal.  
Mean while the Foe beat up his Quarters,  
And storm'd the Out-works of his Fortrefs.  
And as another of the same  
Degree, and Party, in Arms and Fame,  
That in the same Cause had ingag'd,  
And War with equal conduct wag'd,  
By ven'tring only but to thrust  
His Head a Span beyond his Post,  
B' a *Gen'ral* of the *Cavaliers*,  
Was dragg'd through a Window by th' Ears;  
So he was serv'd in his Redoubt,  
And by the Other end pull'd out.

Soon as they had him at their Mercy,  
They put him to the Cudgel fiercely,  
As if they'd scorn'd to trade and barter,  
By giving or by taking Quarter:

They stoutly on his Quarters laid,  
Until his Scouts came int' his Aid.  
For when a *Man is past his Sense,*  
There's no way to reduce him thence,  
But twinging him by th' *Ears* or *Nose*,  
Or laying on of *heavy Blows*.  
And if that will not do the Deed,  
To burning with *Hot Ir'ns* proceed.  
No sooner was he come t' himself,  
But on his Neck a sturdy Elf  
Clapp'd in a trice his cloven Hoof,  
And thus attack'd him with Reproof :  
Mortal, Thou art betray'd to us  
B' our Friend, thy *Evil Genius*,  
Who for thy horrid Perjuries,  
Thy breach of Faith, and turning Lyes,  
The Brethrens Privilege (against  
The Wicked ) on themselves, the Saints,  
Has here thy wretched Carcass sent  
For just Revenge and Punishment ;  
Which thou hast now no way to lessen,  
But by an open, free Confession.

For

For if we catch thee failing once,  
'Twill fall the heavier on thy Bones.  
What made thee venture to betray,  
And filch the Lady's Heart away ?  
To spirit her to Matrimony —— ?  
That which contracts all Matches, Money.  
It was th' Inchantment of her Riches,  
That made m' apply t' your Croney Witches;  
That in return would pay th' Expence,  
The Wear-and-Tear of Conscience :  
Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd  
For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.  
Didst thou not love her then? Speak true.  
No more ( *quoth he* ) than I love you.  
How wouldst th' have us'd her and her Mony ?  
First, turn'd her up to Alimony ;  
And laid her Dowry out in Law,  
To null her Jointure with a Flaw,  
Which I before-hand had agreed  
T' have put of purpose, in the Deed ;  
And bar her Widow's Making-over  
T' a Friend in Trust, or private Lover.  
What



What made thee pick and chuse her out,  
T' imploy their Sorceries about ?  
That which makes Gamesters play with those  
Who have least Wit, and most to lose.  
But didst thou scourge thy Vessel thus,  
As thou hast damn'd thy self to us ?  
I see you take me for an Ass :  
'Tis true, I thought the Trick would pass  
Upon a Woman well enough,  
As't has been often found by Proof ;  
Whose Humours are not to be won  
But when they are impos'd upon.  
For Love approves of all they do  
That stand for Candidates, and wooe.  
Why didst thou forge those shameful Lyes,  
Of Bears and Witches in Disguise ?  
That is no more than Authors give,  
The Rabble credit to believe ;  
A Trick of Following their Leaders,  
To entertain their Gentle Readers.  
And we have now no other way  
Of passing all we do or say ;

Which

Which when 'tis natural and true,  
Will be believ'd b' a very few.  
Beside the Danger of Offence,  
The Fatal Enemy of Sence.  
Why didst thou chuse that curst Sin,  
Hypocrisie, to set up in ? ——  
Because it is the thriving'ft Calling,  
The only Saints-Bell that rings all in ;  
In which all Churches are concern'd,  
And is the easiest to be learn'd,  
For no Degrees, unless th' imploy'd,  
Can ever gain much or enjoy't.  
A Gift that is not only able  
To domineer among the Rabble,  
But by the Laws impower'd to rout  
And awe the grearest that stand out.  
Which few hold forth against, for fear  
Their Hand should slip, and come too near.  
For no Sin else among the Saints  
Is taught so tenderly against.  
What made thee break thy plighted Vows?  
That which makes others break a House,  
And

And hang, and scorn ye all, before  
Endure the Plague of being Poor.

*Quoth he,* I see you have more Tricks  
Than all our doting Politicks,  
That are grown old, and out of Fashion,  
Compar'd with your New Reformation:  
That we must come to School to you,  
To learn your more Refin'd, and New.

*Quoth he,* If you will give me leave  
To tell you what I now perceive,  
You'd find your self an arrant Chouse,  
If y' were but at a Meeting-House.

'Tis true, *quoth he,* we ne'er come there,  
Because w' have let them out by th' Year.

Truly, *quoth he,* you can't imagine  
What wondrous things they will engage in:  
That as your Fellow-Friends in Hell  
Were Angels all before they fell;  
So are you like to be agen

Compar'd with th' Angels of us Men.

*Quoth he,* I am resolv'd to be  
Thy Scholar in this Mystery ;

And

And therefore first desire to know  
Some Principles on which you go.  
What makes a Knave a Child of God,  
And one of us? — A Livelihood.  
What renders beating out of Brains  
And Murther Godliness? — Great Gains.  
What's tender Conscience? — 'Tis a Borch  
That will not bear the gentlest Touch,  
But breaking out, dispatches more  
Than th' Epidemical'st Plague-Sore.  
What makes y' encroach upon our Trade,  
And damn all others? — To be paid.  
What's Orthodox and true believing  
Against a Conscience? — A good Living.  
What makes Rebelling against Kings  
A *Good Old Cause*? — Administ'ings.  
What makes all Doctrines plain and clear? —  
About Two hundred Pounds a Year.  
And that which was prov'd true before,  
Prove false again? — Two hundred more.  
What makes the breaking of all Oaths  
A holy Duty? — Food and Cloaths.

What



What Laws and Freedom, Persecution ? ---  
B'ing out of Pow'r, and Contribution.  
What makes a Church a Den of Thieves ? ---  
A Dean and Chapter, and White Sleeves.  
And what would serve, if those were gone,  
To make it Orthodox ? ---- Our own.  
What makes Morality a Crime,  
The most notorious of the Time ?  
Morality, which both the Saints  
And Wicked too cry out against ? ---  
'Cause Grace and Vertue are within  
Prohibited Degrees of Kin :  
And therefore no true Saint allows  
They shall be suffer'd to espouse.  
For Saints can need no Conscience,  
That with Morality dispence ;  
As Vertue's impious, when 'tis rooted  
In Nature onl', and not imputed,  
But why the Wicked should do so,  
We neither know or care to do.  
What's Liberty of Conscience,  
I th' Natural and Genuine Sence ? ---

'Tis

’Tis to restore with more Security  
Rebellion to its ancient Purity ;  
And Christian Liberty reduce  
To th’ elder Practice of the *Jews*.  
For a large Conscience is all one,  
And signifies the same with *None*.

It is enough ( *quoth he* ) for once,  
And has repriev’d thy forfeit Bones ;  
*Nick Machiavel* had ne’er a Trick,  
( Though he gave’s Name to our *Old Nick* )  
But was below the least of these,  
That pass i’ th’ World for Holiness.

This said, the Furies and the Lights  
In th’ instant vanish’d out of sight ;  
And left him in the dark alone,  
With Stinks of Brimstone, and his own.  
The *Queen of Night*, whose large Command  
Rules all the Sea and half the Land,  
And over moist and crazy Brains  
In high Spring-tides at Midnight reigns,  
Was now declining to the West,  
To go to Bed and take her rest.

When

When *Hudibras*, whose stubborn Blows  
Deny'd his Bones that soft repose,  
Lay still expecting worse and more,  
Stretch'd out at length upon the Floor :  
And though he shut his Eyes as fast,  
As if h' had been to sleep his last,  
Saw all the Shapes that Fear or Wizards  
Do make the Devil wear for Vizards.  
And pricking up his Ears, to hark  
If he could hear too in the dark,  
Was first invaded with a Groan,  
And after, in a feeble Tone,  
These trembling words. *Unhappy Wretch !*  
What hast thou gotten by this Fetch ?  
Or all thy Tricks in this New Trade,  
The Holy Brotherhood o' th' Blade ?  
By fauntring still on some Adventure,  
And growing to thy Horse a Centaur,  
To stuff thy skin with swelling Knobs  
Of Cruel and hard wooded Drubs ?  
For still th' hast had the worse on't yet,  
As well in Conquest as Defeat.

Night



Night is the Sabbath of Mankind,  
To rest the Body and the Mind:  
Which now thou art deny'd to keep,  
And cure thy labour'd Corps with Sleep!  
The Knight who heard the Words explain'd  
As meant to him this Reprimand,  
Because the Character did hit  
Point-blank upon his Case so fit;  
Believ'd it was some drolling Sprite  
That staid upon the Guards that Night,  
And one of those h' had seen and felt  
The Drubs he had so freely dealt.  
When after a short Pause and Groan,  
The doleful Spirit thus went on.  
This 'tis t' ingage with Dogs and Bears  
Pelmell together by the Ears;  
And after painful Bangs and Knocks,  
To lie in Limbo in the Stocks;  
And from the Pinnacle of Glory,  
Fall headlong into Purgatory:  
(Thought he, This Devil's full of Malice,  
That on my late Disasters Rallies.)



Condemn'd to Whipping, but declin'd it,  
By being more Heroick-minded ;  
And at a Riding handled worse,  
With Treats more slovenly and course ;  
Ingag'd with Friends in stubborn Wars,  
And hot Disputes with Conjurers ;  
And when th' hadst bravely won the day,  
Wast fain to steal thy self away.  
( I see, thought he, this shameless Elf  
Would fain steal me too from my self,  
That impudently dares to own  
What I have suffer'd for, and done : )  
And now but vent'ring to betray,  
Hast met with Vengeance the same way.  
Thought he, How does the Devil know  
What 'twas that I design'd to do ?  
*His Office of Intelligence,*  
His *Oracles* are ceas'd long since,  
And he knows nothing of the Saints,  
But what some treach'rous Spy acquaints.  
This is some Petrifogging Friend,  
Some Under-Door-keeper's Fiend's Fiend,  
That

That undertakes to understand,  
And juggles at the second hand ;  
And now would pass for *Spirit Po*,  
And all Mens dark Concerns foreknow.  
I think I need not fear him for't :  
These Rallying Devils do no hurt.  
With that he rouz'd his drooping Heart,  
And hastily cry'd out, *What art ?*  
A Wretch (*quoth he*) whom want of Grace  
Has brought to this unhappy Place.  
I do believe thee, *quoth the Knight*,  
Thus far I'm sure th' art in the Right ;  
And know what 'tis that troubles thee,  
Better than thou hast guess'd of me.  
Thou art some Paltry, Black-guard Sprite,  
Condemn'd to Drudg'ry in the Night,  
That hast no work to do in th' House,  
Nor Half-penny to drop in Shooes :  
Without the raising of which Sum,  
You dare not be so troublesome,  
To pinch the Slatterns black and blue,  
For leaving you their Work to do.

This is your business, good *Pug Robin*,  
And your Diversion dull dry *Bobbing*,  
T' intice Fanaticks in the Dirt,  
And wash 'em clean in Ditches for't.

Of which conceit you are so proud,  
At ev'ry Jest you laugh aloud,  
As now you would have done by me,  
But that I barr'd your Rallery.

Sir, (*quoth the Voice*) y' are no such Sophy  
As you would have the World judge of ye,  
If you design to weigh our Talents  
I'th' Standard of your own false Ballance,  
Or think it possible to know  
Us Ghosts, as well as we do you:

We, who have been the everlasting  
Companions of your Drubs and Basting,  
And never left you in Contest,  
With Male or Female, Man or Beast,  
But prov'd as true to y' and intire  
In all Adventures as your Squire,  
*Quoth he*, That may be said as true  
By th' idlest Pug of all your Crew:

For

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# CANTO I. 67

---

For none could have betray'd us worse  
Than those Allies of ours and yours.  
But I have sent him for a Token  
To your Low-Country *Hogen Mogen*,  
To whose Infernal Shores I hope  
He'll swing, like Skippers, in a Rope.  
And if y' have been more just to me  
(As I am apt to think) than he,  
I am afraid it is as True,  
What th' Ill affected say of you,  
Y' have 'spous'd the Covenant and Cause.  
By holding up your Cloven Paws.  
Sir, *quoth the Voice*, 'tis true, I grant,  
We made and took the Covenant.  
But that no more concerns the Cause,  
Than other Perj'ries do the Laws,  
Which when they're prov'd in open Court,  
Wear wooden Peccadillo's for't.  
And that's the Reason Cov'nanters  
Held up their Hands, like Rogues, at Bars.  
I see, *quoth Hudibras*, from whence  
These Scandals of the Saints commence,



That are but natural Effects  
Of *Satan's* Malice, and his Sects,  
Those Spider-Saints, that hang by Threds  
Spun out oth' Entrails of their Heads.  
*Sir, quoth the Voice*, that may as true  
And properly be said of you ;  
Whose Talents may compare with either,  
Or both the other put together.  
For all the Independents do  
Is only what you forc'd them to.  
You, who are not content alone  
With Tricks to put the Devil down,  
But must have Armies rais'd, to back  
The Gospel-work you undertake :  
As if Artillery, and Edge-tools  
Were th' only Engines to save Souls.  
While He, poor Devil, has no pow'r  
By force to run down and devour ;  
Has ne'er a Claſſis, cannot sentence  
To Stools, or Poundage of Repentance ;  
Is ty'd up only to Design,  
To injure, and tempt, and undermine :

In which you all his Arts out-do,  
And prove your selves his Betters too.  
Hence 'tis Possessions do less evil  
Than mere Temptations of the Devil,  
Which all the horrid'st Actions done,  
Are charg'd in Courts of Law upon;  
Because, unless you help the Elf,  
He can do little of himself:  
And therefore where he's best Possess,  
Acts most against his Interest;  
Surprizes none but those wh' have Priests  
To turn him out, and Exorcists,  
Supply'd with Spiritual Provision,  
And Magazines of Ammunition,  
With Crosses, Relicks, Crucifixes,  
Beads, Pictures, Rosaries, and Pixes,  
The Tools of Working out Salvation  
By meer Mechanick Operation,  
With Holy Water, like a Sluce,  
To overflow all Avenues.  
But those wh' are utterly unarm'd  
T' oppose his Entrance if he storm'd,

He never offers to surprize,  
Altho' his falsest Enemies ;  
But is content to be their Drudge,  
And on their Errands glad to trudge.  
For where are all your Forfeitures  
Intrusted in safe hands, but ours ?  
Who are but Jailours of their Goles  
And Dungeous, where you clap up Souls ;  
Like Under-keepers, turn the Keys  
T' your Mittimus Anathema's ;  
And never boggle to restore  
The Members you deliver o'er  
Upon Demand, with fairer Justice  
Than all your Covenanting Trustees ;  
Unless to punish them the worse,  
You put them in the Sec'lar Pow'rs,  
And pass their Souls, as some demise  
The same Estate in Mortgage twice,  
When to a Legal Utilegation  
You turn your Excommunication,  
And for a Groat unpaid that's due,  
Distrain on Soul and Body too.

Thought  
The

Thought he, 'Tis no mean part of Civil  
State-Prudence, to cajoul the Devil,  
And not to handle him too rough,  
When h' has us in his Cloven Hoof,  
'Tis true, *quoth he*, that Intercourse  
Has pas'd between your Friend and ours;  
That as you trust us in our way,  
To raise your Members, and to lay,  
We send you others of your own,  
Denounc'd to hang themselves or drown,  
Or frighted with our Oratory,  
To leap headlong many a Story;  
Have us'd all Means to propagate  
Your mighty Interests of State,  
Laid out our Spiritual Gifts to further  
Your great designs of Rage and Murther.  
For if the Saints are nam'd from Blood,  
We onl' have made that Title good:  
And if it were but in our Power,  
We shou'd not Scruple to do more,  
And not be half a Soul behind  
Of all Dissenters of Mankind.

Right



Right, *quoth the Voice*, and as I scorn  
To be ungrateful in Return.  
Of all those kind good Offices,  
I'll free you out of this Distress,  
And set you down in Safety, where,  
It is no time to tell you here.  
The Cock crows, and the Morn grows on,  
When 'tis decreed I must be gone :  
And if I leave you here till day,  
You'll find it hard to get away.  
With that the *Spirit* grop'd about  
To find th' Incharmed *Hero* out,  
And try'd with hast to lift him up ;  
But found his *Forlorn Hope*, his *Croop*,  
Unserviceable with Kicks and Blows  
Received from hard-hearted Foes.  
He thought to drag him by the Heels,  
Like *Gresban* Carts, with Legs for wheels ;  
But Fear, that soonest cures those Sores,  
In danger of Relapse to worse,  
Came in t' assist him with its Aid,  
And up his sinking Vessel weigh'd.

No sooner was he fit to trudge,  
But both made ready to dislodge:  
The Spirit hors'd him like a Sack,  
Upon the *Vehicle*, his Back.  
And bore him headlong into th' Hall,  
With some few Rubs against the Wall.  
Where finding out the Postern lock'd,  
And th' *Avenues* as strongly block'd,  
H' attack'd the Window, storm'd the Glass,  
And in a moment gain'd the Pass,  
Thro' which he dragg'd the worsted Soldier's  
Fore-quarters out by th' Head and Shoulders;  
And cautiously began to scout,  
To find their Fellow-Cattel out.  
Nor was it half a Minute's Quest,  
E'er he retriev'd the Champions Beast,  
Ty'd to a Pale instead of Rack,  
But ne're a Saddle on his Back,  
Nor Pistols at the Saddle-bow,  
Convey'd away the Lord knows how.  
He thought it was no time to stay,  
And let the Night to steal away;

But

But in a trice advanc'd the Knight  
Upon the *Bare Ridge* bolt upright,  
And groping out for *Ralpho's* Jade,  
He found the Saddle too was stray'd,  
And in the place a Lump of Sope,  
On which he speedily leap'd up;  
And turning to the Gate the Rein,  
He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain.  
While *Hudibras*, with equal haft,  
On both sides laid about as fast,  
And spur'd as *Jockies* use, to break,  
Or *Padders*, to secure a Neck.  
Where let us leave them for a time,  
And to their *Churches* turn our *Rhyme*;  
To hold forth their declining State,  
Which now come near an even Rate.

The

## The ARGUMENT of the SECOND CANTO

*The Saints engage in fierce Contests,  
About their Carnal Interests;  
To share their Sacrilegious Preys,  
According to their Rates of Grace;  
Their various Frenzies to Reform,  
When Cromwel left them in a Storm:  
Till in th' Effgie of RUMPS, the Rabble  
Burns all their Grandees of the Cabal.*

## CANTO II.

**T**HE Learned write, *An Insect Breeze*  
Is but a Mungrel Prince of Bees  
That falls before a Storm, on Cows,  
And stings the Founders of his House;  
From whose corrupted Flesh that Breed  
Of Vermine did at first proceed.  
So, e'er the Storm of War broke out,  
Religion spawn'd a various Rout,

Of



Of Petulant Capricious Sects,  
The Maggots of Corrupted Texts;  
That first run all Religion down;  
And after every Swarm its own.  
For as the *Persian Magi* once  
Upon their *Mothers* got their *Sons*,  
Who were incapable t' enjoy  
That Empire any other way :  
So *Presbyter* begot the other  
Upon the *Good Old Cause*, his Mother;  
That bore them like the Devils Dam,  
Whose *Son* and *Husband* are the same.  
And yet no nat'ral Tie of Blood,  
Nor Int'rest for their Common Good,  
Could when their Profits interfer'd,  
Get Quarter for each other's Beard.  
For when they thriv'd they never sadg'd;  
But only by the Ears engag'd :  
Like Dogs that snarl about a Bone,  
And play together when th' have none.  
As by their truest Characters,  
Their constant Actions, plainly appears.  
Rebelling

Rebelling now began for lack  
Of *Zeal* and *Plunder* to grow slack ;  
The *Cause* and *Covenant* to lessen,  
And *Providence* to b' out of Season :  
For now there was no more to purchase  
O' th' King's Revenue, and the Church's.  
But all divided, shar'd, and gone,  
That us'd to urge the Brethren on.  
Which forc'd the Stubborn'st for the Cause  
To cross the Cudgels to the Laws,  
That what by breaking them t' had gain'd,  
By their Support might be maintain'd ;  
Like Thieves, that in a *Hemp-plot* lie,  
Secur'd against the *Hue-and Cry*.  
For *Presbyter* and *Independant*  
Were now turn'd *Plaintiff* and *Defendant*,  
Laid out their *Apostolick Functions*  
On *Carnal Orders* and *Injunctions*,  
And all their precious Gifts and Graces  
On *Outlawries* and *Scire facias* ;  
At *Michael's Term* had many a Trial,  
Worse than the *Dragon* and *St. Michael*,  
Where

Where thousands fell in shape of Bees,  
Into the *Bottomless Abyss*.

For when, like Brethren and like Friends,

They came to share their Dividends,

And every Partner to possess

His Church and State Joint-Purchases,

In which the Ablest Saint and Best

Was nam'd in Trust by all the rest,

To pay their Money; and, instead

Of ev'ry Brother pass the Deed;

He strait converted all his Gifts,

To Pious Frauds and Holy Shifts;

And settled all the others Shares

Upon his *outward Man* and's *Heirs*,

Held all they claim'd as Forfeit Lands,

Deliver'd up into his hands,

And past upon his Conscience,

By *Pre-intail* of Providence;

Impeach'd the rest for Reprobates,

That had no Title to Estates,

But by their Spiritual Attaints

Degraded from the Right of Saints.

This

This being reveal'd, they now begun  
With Law and Conscience to fall on ;  
And laid about as hot and brain-sick  
As th' *Utter Barrister of Swanswick* ;  
Ingag'd with Money-bags, as bold  
As Men with Sand-bags did of old ;  
That brought the Lawyers in more Fees,  
Than all un sanctifi'd Trustees :  
Till he who had no more to show  
I' th' Case, receiv'd the overthrow,  
Or Both sides having had the worst,  
They parted as they met at first.

Poor *Presbyters* was now Reduc'd,  
Secluded, and Cashier'd and Chows'd,  
Turn'd out and Excommunicate  
From all Affairs of Church and State,  
Reform'd t' a Reformado Saint,  
And glad to turn Itinerant,  
To Strowl and teach from Town to Town,  
And those he had taught up teach down,  
And make those Uses serve agen  
Against the New-inlightned Men,



As fit as when at first they were  
Reveal'd against the *Cavalier* ;  
Damn *Anabaptist* and *Fanatick*,  
As pat as *Popish* and *Prelatick*;  
And with as little variation,  
To serve for any Sect i' th' Nation.  
The *Good Old Cause*, which some believe  
To be the *Dev'l* that tempted *Eve*  
With Knowledge, and does still invite  
The World to Mischief with *New Light*,  
Had store of Money in her Purse,  
When he took her for *bett'r or worse* ;  
But now was grown Deform'd and Poor,  
And fit to be turn'd out of Door.

The *Independants* ( whose first station  
Was in the *Rere of Reformation*, )  
A Mungrel kind of *Church-Dragoons*,  
That serv'd for Horse and Foot at once,  
And in the Saddle of one Steed  
The *Saracen* and *Christian* rid,  
Were Free of ev'ry Spiritual Order,  
To *Preach*, and *Fight*, and *Pray* and *Murther* )

No

No sooner got the Start to lurch  
Both Disciples, of *War* and *Church*,  
And Providence enough to run  
The chief Commanders of 'em down,  
But carried on the War against  
The Common Enemy o' th' Saints,  
And in a while prevail'd so far,  
To win of them the Game of War,  
And be at Liberty once more,  
T' attack themselves as th' had before.

For now there was no Foe in Arms  
T' unite their Factions with Alarms,  
But all reduc'd and overcome,  
Except their worst, *themselves at home*,  
Wh' had compass'd all they Pray'd, and Swore,  
And Fought, and Preach'd, and Plunder'd for,  
Subdu'd the Nation, Church and State,  
And all things but their *Laws and Hate*.  
But when they came to treat and transact,  
And share the Spoils of all th' had ranfact,  
To botch up what th' had torn and rent,  
*Religion and the Government*,

They met no sooner, but prepar'd  
To pull down all the War had spar'd ;  
Agreed in nothing, but t' *Abolish*,  
*Subvert*, *Extirpate*, and *Demolish*.  
For Knaves and Fools b'ing near of kin,  
As *Dutch Boors* are t' a *Sooterkin*,  
Both Parties join'd to do their best,  
To Damn the Publick Interest ;  
And Herded only in Consults  
To put by one anothers Bolts,  
T' out-cant the *Babylonian* Labourers,  
At all their Dialects of Jabberers,  
And tug at both ends of the Saw,  
To tear down Government and Law.  
For as two Cheats, that play one Game,  
Are both defeated of their Aim :  
So those who play a *Game of State*,  
And only *Cavil* in Debate,  
Although there's nothing lost nor won,  
The Publick Business is undone,  
Which still the longer 'tis in doing,  
Becomes the surer way to Ruine.

This

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## CANTO II. 83

---

This when the *Royalists* perceiv'd,  
( Who to their Faith as firmly cleav'd,  
And own'd the Right they had paid down  
So dearly for, *The Church and Crown* )  
Th' united constanter, and sided  
The more, the more their Foes divided.  
For though out-number'd, overthrown,  
And by the Fate of War run down ;  
Their Duty never was defeated,  
Nor from their Oaths and Faith retreated,  
*For Loyalty is still the same,*  
*Whether it win or lose the Game ;*  
*True as a Dial to the Sun,*  
*Although it be not shin'd upon.*  
But when these Brethren in evil,  
Their *Adversaries* and the Devil,  
Began once more to shew them Play,  
And hopes, at least, to have a day,  
They rallied in Parades of Woods,  
And unfrequented Solitudes,  
Conven'd at Midnight in Out-houses,  
T' appoint *New-rising Rendezvouzes,*



And with a Pertinacy unmatch'd  
For new Recruits of Danger watch'd:  
No sooner was one Blow diverted,  
But up another Party started.  
And, as if Nature too in haste,  
To furnish our Supplies as fast,  
Before her time had turn'd Destruction  
T' a new and numerous Production;  
No sooner those were overcome,  
But up rose others in their Room,  
That, like the Christian Faith increast  
The more, the more they were suppress:  
Whom neither *Chains*, nor *Transportation*,  
*Proscription*, *Sale*, nor *Confiscation*,  
Nor all the desperate Events  
Of former try'd Experiments,  
Nor Wounds could terrifie, nor Mangling,  
To leave off *Loyalty* and *Dangling*,  
Nor Death (with all his Bones) affright  
From vent'ring to maintain the Right,  
From staking Life and Fortune down  
Gainst all together, for the Crown;

But

But kept the Title of their Cause  
From *Forfeiture*, like Claims in Laws :  
And prov'd no prosp'rous Usurpation  
Can ever settle on the Nation,  
Until, in spight of Force and Treason,  
They put their Loyl'ty in Possession ;  
And by their Constancy and Faith,  
Destroy'd the mighty Men of *Gath*.

Toss'd in a furious *Hurricane*,  
Did *Oliver* give up his *Reign* ;  
And was believ'd, as well by Saints,  
As Moral Men and Miscreants,  
To founder in the *Stygian* Ferry,  
Until he was retriev'd by *Sterry* :  
Who, in a false erroneous Dream,  
Mistook the *New Jerusalem*,  
Prophanely, for th' *Apocryphal*,  
False *Heaven* at the End o' th' *Hall* ;  
Whither it was decreed by Fate,  
His precious Reliques to translate.  
So *Romulus* was seen before  
B' as Orthodox a *Senator* ;

From whose Divine Illumination  
He stole the Pagan Revelation.

Next him his Son and *Heir Apparent*  
Succeeded, though a *Lame Vicegerent* ;  
Who first laid by the *Parliament*,  
The only *Crutch* on which he leant :  
And then sunk underneath the *State*,  
That rode him above *Horseman's Weight*.

And now the Saints began their *Reign*,  
For which th' had yearn'd so long in vain,  
And felt such Bowel-Hankerings,  
To see an *Empire all of Kings*,  
Deliver'd from the *Egyptian Awe*  
*Of Justice, Government and Law*,  
And free t' erect what *Spiritual Cantons*  
Should be reveal'd, or *Gospel Hans-Towns*,  
To edifie upon the Ruins  
Of *John of Leyden's old Out-goings*,  
Who for a Weather-cock hung up  
Upon their *Mother-Church's Top*,  
Was made a Type by Providence  
Of all their Revelations since;

And

And now fulfill'd by his Successors,  
Who equally mistook their Measures :  
For when they came to shape the *Model*,  
Not one could fit another's Noddle ;  
But found their Light and Gifts more wide  
From Fadging than th' Unsanctifi'd ;  
While ev'ry individual Brother  
Strove Hand to Fist against another,  
And still the maddest and most crackt,  
Were found the Busiest to Transact,  
For though most Hands dispatch apace,  
And *make light work*, (the Proverb says)  
Yet many different Intellects  
Are found t' have contrary Effects ;  
And many Heads t' obstruct Intrigues,  
As slowest Insects have most Legs,  
Some were for setting up a King,  
But all the rest for no such thing,  
Unless King *Jesus* : Others tamper'd  
For *Fleetwood*, *Desborough*, and *Lambert* ;  
Some for the *Rump*, and some more crafty,  
For *Agitators* and the *Safety* ;

Some



Some for the Gospel, and Massacres  
Of *Spiritual Affidavit-makers*,  
That swore to any Humane Regence,  
*Oaths of Supremacy and Allegiance*,  
Yea though the ablest swearing Saint,  
That vouch'd the Bulls o' th' Covenant:  
Others for pulling down th' High-places  
Of *Synods and Provincial Classes*,  
That us'd to make such hostile Inroads  
Upon the Saints, like bloody *Nimrods* :  
Some for Fulfilling Prophecies,  
And th' Extirpation of Excise ;  
And some against th' *Egyptian Bondage*  
Of *Holy-days*, and *paying Poundage* :  
Some for the cutting down of *Groves* :  
And rectifying Bakers Loaves ;  
And some for finding out Expedients  
Against the Slav'ry of Obedience.  
Some were for *Gospel-Ministers*,  
And some for *Red-Coat Seculars*,  
As Men most fit t' hold forth the Word  
And weild *the one, and th' other Sword*.  
Some

Some were for carrying on the Work  
Against the *Pope*, and some the *Turk* :  
Some for engaging to suppress  
The *Camisado of Surplices*,  
That Gifts and Dispensations hinder'd,  
And turn'd to th' *Outward Man* the *Inward* ;  
More proper for the cloudy Night  
Of *Popery*, than *Gospel-Light*.  
Others were for Abolishing  
That Tool of Matrimony, a *Ring*,  
With which th' unsanctify'd *Bridegroom*  
Is marry'd only to a *Thumb* ;  
( As wise as Ringing of a *Pig*,  
That uses break up ground and Dig ; )  
The *Bride* to nothing but her Will,  
That nulls the After-Marriage still,  
Some were for th' utter Extirpation  
Of *Linsey-Woolsey* in the Nation ;  
And some against all Idolizing  
The *Cross* in *Shop-Books*, or *Baptizing*.  
Others, to make all things recant  
The *Christian* or *Surname* of Saint ;

And

And force all *Churches, Streets, and Towns,*  
- The *Holy Title* to renounce.  
Some 'gainst a *Third Estate of Souls,*  
And bringing down the Price of Coals.  
Some for Abolishing Black-Pudding,  
And eating nothing with the Bloud in;  
To abrogate them Roots and Branches:  
While others were for *eating Haunches*  
*Of Warriors,* and *now and then*  
The *Flesh of Kings* and *mighty Men*;  
And Some for Breaking of their Bones  
With Rods of Ir'n by *Secret ones*;  
For thrashing Mountains, and with Spells  
For Hallowing Carriers Packs and Bells.  
Things that the *Legend* never hear'd of,  
But made the wicked fore afraid of.  
The Quacks of Government ( who fate  
At th' unregarded *Helm of State,*  
And understood this wild Confusion,  
Of fatal Madness and Delusion,  
Must, sooner than a Prodigie,  
Portend Destruction to be nigh )

Consider'd

## CANTO II. 91

Consider'd timely, how t' withdraw  
 And save their Wind-Pipes from the Law ;  
 For one Rencontre at the Bar  
 Was worse than all th' had 'scap'd in War ;  
 And therefore met in Consultation,  
 To *Cant* and *Quack* upon the Nation ;  
 Not for the sickly Patient's sake,  
 Nor what to give, but what to take ;  
 To, feel the Pulses of their Fees,  
 More wise than fumbling Arteries ;  
 Prolong the Snuff of Life in pain,  
 And from the Grave recover — *Gain*.  
 'Mong these there was a *Politician*,  
 With more Heads than a *Beast in Vision*,  
 And more Intrigues in ev'ry one  
 Than all the *Whores of Babylon* ;  
 So Politick, as if one Eye  
 Upon the other were a Spy ;  
 That to trapan the one to think  
 The other Blind, both strove to blink :  
 And in his dark Pragmatick way  
 As busie as a Child at Play.



H' had seen three Governments run down,  
And had a hand in ev'ry one,  
Was for 'em and against 'em all,  
But barb'rous when they came to fall ;  
For by *Trappan*ing th' old to Ruine,  
He made his Int'rest with the new one ;  
Plaid true and faithful, though against  
His Conscience, and was still advanc'd.  
For by the Witch-craft of Rebellion  
Transform'd t' a feeble *State-Camelion*,  
By giving aim from side to side.  
He never fail'd to save his Tide,  
But got the start of ev'ry State,  
And at a Change ne'er came too late ;  
Could turn his Word, and Oath, and Faith,  
As many ways as in a Lath ;  
By turning, wriggle, like a Screw  
In't higheft Trust, and out for New,  
For when h' had happily incurr'd,  
Instead of Hemp, to be preferr'd,  
And past upon the Government,  
He play'd his trick, and out he went :

But

But being out, and out of hopes  
To mount his Ladder (more) of Ropes,  
Would strive to raise himself upon  
The publick Ruine and his own.  
So little did he understand  
The desp'rate Feats he took in hand.  
For when h' had got himself a Name  
For Fraud and Tricks; he spoil'd his Game,  
Had forc'd his Neck into a Nooze,  
To shew his play at *Fast and Loose*;  
And when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook  
For Art and Subtlety, his Luck.  
So right his Judgment was cut fit,  
And made a Tally to his Wit,  
And both together most profound  
At Deeds of Darknes under ground:  
As th' Earth is easiest undermin'd,  
By Vermine Impotent and Blind.

By all these Arts, and many more  
H' had practis'd long and much before,  
Our *State-Artificer* foresaw  
Which way the World began to draw.

For

For as Old *Sinners* have all Points  
O' th' Compass in their Bones and Joints ;  
Can by their Pangs and Aches find  
All Turns and Changes of the Wind,  
And better than by *Napier's Bones*,  
Feel in their own, the Age of Moons ;  
So guilty Sinners in a State  
Can by their Crimes prognosticate,  
And in their Consciences feel pain  
Some days before a Shower of Rain.  
He therefore wisely cast about  
All ways he could, t' *insure his Throat* ;  
And hither came t' observe and smook  
What courses other Riskers took :  
And to the utmost do his best  
To save himself, and hang the rest.

To Match this Saint, there was another,  
As busie and perverse a Brother,  
An Habberdasher of Small Wares  
In Politicks and State-Affairs ;  
More *Jew* than *Rabbi Achitophel*,  
And better gifted to Rebel :

For

For when h' had taught his Tribe to Spouse  
The Cause, aloft, upon one House,  
He scorn'd to set his own in Order,  
But try'd another, and went farther;  
So sullenly addicted still  
To's only Principle, *his Will*,  
That whatso'er it chanc'd to prove  
No force of Argument could move,  
Nor *Law*, nor *Cavalcade of Ho'bourn*,  
Could render half a grain less stubborn.  
For he at any time would hang,  
For th' opportunity t' *harangue*,  
And rather on a Gibbet dangle,  
Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle :  
In which his Parts were so accomplish'd,  
That right or wrong, he ne'r was non-plust ;  
But still his Tongue ran on, the less  
Of weight it bore, with greater ease,  
And with its Everlasting Clack  
Set all mens Ears upon the Rack.  
No sooner could a hint appear,  
But up he started to pickere,



And made the stoutest yield to mercy,  
When he engag'd in *Controversie* :  
Not by the force of Carnal Reason,  
But indefatigable Teazing ;  
With Volleys of eternal Babble,  
And Clamour more unanswerable.  
For though his *Topicks*, frail and weak,  
Could near amount above a Freak :  
He still maintain'd 'em, like his Faults,  
Against the desperat'ft Assaults ;  
And back'd their feeble want of Sence,  
With greater Heat and Confidence :  
As bones of *Hectors* when they differ,  
The more th' are *Cudgell'd*, grow the *Stiffer*.  
Yet when his Profit moderated,  
The fury of his heat abated :  
For nothing but his Interest  
Could lay his Devil of Contest.  
It was his *Choice*, or *Chance*, or *Curse*,  
T' espouse the Cause for *bett'r* or *worse*,  
And with his worldly Goods and Wit,  
And *Soul*, and *Body*, worship'd it :

But

But when he found the sullen *Trapes* |  
Possess'd with th' *Devil, Worms, and Claps*,  
The *Trojan Mare* in Foal with *Greeks*  
Not half so full of *Jadish Tricks*,  
Though Squeamish in her outward Woman;  
As loose and rampant as *Dol Common*;  
He still resolv'd to mend the matter,  
T' adhere and cleave the obstinater;  
And still the skittisher and looser  
Her *Freaks* appear'd, to sit the closer:  
For *Fools are stubborn in their way*;  
As *Coins are hardned by th' Alloy*:  
And *Obstinacy's* ne'er so stiff,  
As when 'tis in a wrong *Belief*.  
These two, with others, being met,  
And close in *Consultation* set;  
After a discontented pause,  
And not without sufficient cause,  
The *Orator* we mention'd late,  
Less troubled with the pangs of *State*,  
Than with his own impatience,  
To give himself first *Audience*,

After he had a while look'd wise,  
At last broke silence, and the Ice.

*Quoth he,* There's nothing makes me doubt  
Our last Out-goings brought about,  
More than to see the Characters  
Of real Jealousies and Fears,  
Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,  
Scor'd upon ev'ry Members Forehead :  
Who, 'cause the Clouds are drawn together,  
And threaten sudden change of Weather,  
Feel Pangs and Aches of State-turns,  
And Revolutions in their Corns ;  
And, since our Workings-out are crost,  
Throw up the Cause before 'tis lost.  
Was it to run away, we meant,  
When, taking of the Covenant,  
The lamest Cripples of the Brothers  
Took Oaths, to run before all others ;  
But, in their own sense, only swore  
To strive to run away before ;  
And now would prove, that Words and Oath  
Engage us to renounce them both ?

'Tis



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## CANTO II. 99

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'Tis true, the Cause is in the lurch,  
Between a right and mungrel Church,  
The Presbyter and Independent,  
That stickle which shall make an end on't :  
And 'twas made out to us the last  
Expedient, ---- ( I mean, *Margret's Fast* )  
When Providence had been suborn'd,  
What answer was to be return'd ?  
Else why should Tumults fright us now,  
We have so many times gone through,  
And understand as well to tame,  
As, when they serve our turns, t' inflame ?  
Have prov'd how inconsiderable  
Are all Engagements of the Rabble,  
Whose Frenzies must be reconcil'd  
With Drums and Rattles like a Child ;  
But never prov'd so prosperous,  
As when they were led on by us.  
For all our scouring of Religion  
Began with Tumults and Sedition ;  
When Hurricanes of fierce Commotion  
Became strong Motives to Devotion ;



(As carnal Seamen in a Storm  
Turn pious Converts and reform ;)  
When rusty Weapons with chalk'd Edges  
Maintain'd our feeble Privileges,  
And brown Bills levied in the City  
Made Bills to pass the Grand Committee ;  
When Zeal with aged Clubs and Gleaves  
Gave chase to Rochets and White Sleeves,  
And made the Church and State and Laws  
Submit t' old Iron and the Cause.  
And as we thriv'd by Tumults then,  
So might we better now agen,  
If we knew how, as then we did,  
To use them rightly in our need.  
Tumults by which the Mutinous  
Betray themselves instead of us ;  
The hollow-hearted Disaffected,  
And close Malignant are detected ;  
Who lay their Lives and Fortunes down,  
For Pledges to secure our own,  
And freely Sacrifice their Ears,  
T' appease our Jealousies and Fears.

And

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## CANTO II. 101

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And yet for all these Providences  
W' are offer'd, if we had our senses,  
We idly sit like Block-heads,  
Our Hands committed to our Pockets,  
And nothing but our Tongue at large,  
Toget the Wretches a Discharge.  
Like Men condemn'd to Thunderbolts,  
Who, e'er the blow, become meer Dolts ;  
Or Fools besotted with their Crimes,  
That know not how to shift betimes,  
And neither have the hearts to stay  
Nor wit enough to run away,  
Who, if we could resolve on either,  
Might stand, or fall ( at least ) together :  
No mean nor trivial solaces  
To Partners in extream distress,  
Who use to lessen their Dispair's,  
By parting them int' equal shares ;  
As if the more they were to bear,  
They felt the weight the easier ;  
And ev'ry one the gentler hung,  
The more he took his turn among.

But 'tis not come to that as yet,  
If we had Courage left, or Wit ;  
Who, when our Fate can be no worse,  
Are fitted for the bravest course ;  
Have time to Rally, and prepare  
Our last and best Defence, Despair ;  
Despair, by which the gallant'st Feats  
Have been atchiev'd in greatest streights,  
And horrid'st Dangers safely wav'd,  
By b'ing courageously out-brav'd,  
As Wounds by wider Wounds are heal'd,  
And Poisons by themselves expell'd,  
And so they might be now agen,  
If we were, what we should be, Men ;  
And not so dully desperate,  
To side against our selves with Fate :  
As Criminals condemn'd to suffer,  
Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.  
This comes of Breaking Covenants,  
And setting up Exauns of Saints,  
That Fine like Aldermen, for Grace,  
To be excus'd the Efficace.

For



For Spiritual Men are too Transcendent,  
That mount their Banks for Independent,  
To hang like *Mahomet* in th' Air,  
Or *St. Ignatius* at his Prayer,  
By pure Geometry, and hate  
Dependency on Church or State;  
Disdain the Pedantry o' th' Letter,  
And since Obedience is better  
(The *Scripture* says) than Sacrifice,  
Presume the less on't will suffice;  
And scorn to have the moderat' st flints  
Prescrib'd their peremptory Hints,  
Or any Opinion, true or false,  
Declar'd as such, in Doctrinals,  
But left at large to make their best on,  
Without b'ing call'd t' account or question.  
Interpret all the Spleen reveals,  
As *Whittington* explain'd the Bells;  
And bid themselves turn-back agen  
Lord May'rs of *New Jerusalem*.  
But look so big and over-grown,  
They scorn their Edifiers t' own,

Who



Who taught them all their sprinkling Lessons,  
Their Tones and sanctifi'd expressions;  
Bestow'd their Gifts upon a Saint,  
Like Charity on those that want,  
And learn'd th' Apocryphal Bigots,  
T' inspire themselves with Short-hand Notes :  
For which they scorn and hate them worse,  
Than Dogs and Cats do Sow-gelders.  
For who first bred them up to pray,  
And Teach, the House of Commons way ?  
Where had they all their Gifted Phrases,  
But from our *Calamies* and *Cases* ?  
Without whose sprinkling and Sowing,  
Who had e'er heard of *Nye* or *Owen* ?  
Their Dispensations had been stifled,  
But for our *Adoniram Bisfield*.  
And had they not begun the War,  
Th' had ne'er been Sainted as they are.  
For Saints in Peace degenerate,  
And dwindle down to Reprobate :  
Their Zeal corrupts like standing Water,  
In th' Intervals of War and Slaughter ;

Abates

Abates the sharpness of its Edge,  
Without the Pow'r of Sacrilege.  
And though th' have Tricks to cast their Sins,  
As easie as Serpents do their Skins,  
That in a while grow out agen,  
In Peace they turn meer Carnal Men,  
And from the most Refin'd of Saints  
As naturally grow Miscreants,  
As Barnacles turn Soland-Geese  
In th' Islands of the *Orcades*.  
Their Dispensation's but a Ticket,  
For their conforming to the Wicked,  
With whom their greatest difference  
Lies more in words and shew than sense.  
For as the *Pope*, that keeps the Gate  
Of Heaven, wears three Crowns of State ;  
So he that keeps the Gate of Hell,  
Proud *Cerb'rus*, wears three Heads as well :  
And, if the World has any troth,  
Some have been Canoniz'd in both.  
But that which does them greatest harm,  
Their Spiritual Gizzards are too warm,  
Which

Which puts the over-heated Sots  
In Fevers still, like other Goats,  
For though the Whore bends Hereticks  
With Flames of Fire, like crooked Sticks ;  
Our Schismaticks so vastly differ,  
Th' hotter they are, they grow the stiffer ;  
Still setting off their spiritual goods,  
With fierce and pertinacious fewds.  
For Zeal's a dreadful Termagant,  
That teaches Saints to tear and Rant,  
And Independents, to profess  
The Doctrine of Dependences ;  
Turns meek and sneaking Secret ones,  
To Raw-heads fierce and Bloody Bones ;  
And not content with endless quarrels  
Against the Wicked and their Morals,  
The *Gibellins*, for want of *Guelfs*,  
Divert their Rage upon themselves.  
For now the war is now between  
The Brethren and the Men of sin ;  
But Saint and Saint, to Spill the Blood  
Of one another's Brotherhood ;  
Where

Where neither side can lay pretence  
To Liberty of Conscience,  
Of Zealous suff'ring for the Cause;  
To gain one Groats-worth of Applause:  
For though endur'd with Resolution,  
'Twill ne'er amount to Persecution.  
Shall Precious Saints and Secret ones  
Break one another's outward Bones?  
And eat the Flesh of Brethren,  
Instead of Kings and mighty Men?  
When Friends agree among themselves,  
Shall they be found the greater Elves?  
When *Bell's* at Union with the *Dragon*,  
And *Ball-Poor* Friends with *Dagon*,  
When Savage Bears agree with Bears,  
Shall Secret ones lug Saints by th' Ears,  
And not atone their fatal wrath,  
When common Danger threatens both?  
Shall Mastiffs by the Collars pull'd,  
Engag'd with Bulls, let go their hold?  
And Saints, whose Necks are pawn'd at stake,  
No Notice of the Danger take?

But



But though no Pow'r of Heaven or Hell  
Can pacifie Fanatick Zeal ;  
Who would not guess there might be hopes,  
The fear of Gallowses and Ropes  
Before their Eyes might reconcile  
Their Animofities a while ?  
At least until th' had a clear Stage,  
And equal Freedom to engage,  
Without the danger of Surprife  
By both our common Enemies ?

This none but we alone could doubt,  
Who understand their Workings-out ;  
And know 'em both in Soul and Conscience,  
Giv'n up t' as Reprobate a Nonsense,  
As Spiritual Out-laws whom the Pow'r  
Of Miracle can ne'er restore.

We whom at first they fet up under,  
In Revelation only of Plunder,  
Who since have had so many Trials  
Of their encroaching Self-denyals,  
That rook'd upon us with design  
To Out-reform and Undermine ;

Took

Took all our Interests and Commands  
Perfidiously out of our Hands ;  
Involv'd us in the Guilt of Blood,  
Without the Motive-gains allow'd,  
And made us serve as Ministerial,  
Like younger Sons of Father *Belial*,

And yet for all th' inhumane wrong  
Th' had done us, and the Cause so long,  
We never fail'd to carry on  
The Work still as we had begun :  
But true and Faithfully obey'd,  
And neither Preach'd them hurt, nor Pray'd ;  
Nor troubled them to crop our Ears,  
Nor hang us like the Cavaliers ;  
Nor put them to the charge of Gaols,  
To find us Pillories and Cart-tails,  
Or Hangman's Wages, which the State  
Was forc'd ( before them ) to be at,  
That cut like Tallies to the Stumps,  
Our Ears for keeping true Accompts,  
And burnt our Vessels, like a New  
Seal'd Peck or Bushel, b'ing true.

But

But hand in hand, like faithful Brothers,  
Held forth the Cause against all others,  
Disdaining equally to yield  
One Syllable of what we held.  
And though we differ'd now and then  
'Bout outward things, and outward Men:  
Our inward Men and constant Frame,  
Of Spirit still were near the same.  
And till they first began to Cant,  
And sprinkle down the Covenant,  
We ne're had Call in any place,  
Nor dream'd of Teaching down *Free-Grace*;  
But join'd our Gifts perpetually  
Against the Common Enemy:  
Although 'twas our and their Opinion,  
Each other's Church was but a *Rimmon*!  
And yet for all this Gospel-Union,  
And outward shew of Church Communion,  
They'll ne'er admit us to our shares,  
Of Ruling Church or State-Affairs;  
Nor give us leave t' absolve, or sentence  
T' our own conditions of Repentance:

But

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## CANTO II.

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III

But shar'd our Dividend o' th' Crown  
We had so painfully Preach'd down ;  
And forc'd us, though against the Grain,  
T' have Calls to teach it up again.  
For 'twas but Justice to restore  
The Wrongs we had receiv'd before ;  
And when 'twas held forth in our way,  
W' had been ungrateful not to pay :  
Who for the Right w' have done the Nation,  
Have earn'd our Temporal Salvation,  
And put our Vessels in a way,  
Once more to come again in Play.  
For if the turning of us out,  
Has brought this Providence about ;  
And that our only Suffering  
Is able to bring in the King :  
What would our Actions not have done,  
Had we been suffer'd to go on ?  
And therefore may pretend t' a share  
At least in carrying on th' Affair.  
But whether that be so or not,  
W' have done enough to have it thought ;

H

And



And that's as good as if w' had don't,  
And easier past upon account.  
For if it be but half deny'd,  
'Tis half as good as justify'd.  
The World is nat'rally averse  
To all the Truth it sees or hears,  
But swallows Nonsense and a Lye,  
With Greediness and Gluttony,  
And though it have the Pique, and long,  
'Tis still for something in the wrong:  
As Women long, when th' are with Child,  
For things extravagant and wild,  
For Meats ridiculous, and fulsom;  
But seldom any thing that's wholesom;  
And, like the World, Men's Jobbernols  
Turn round upon their Ears, the Poles;  
And what th' are confidently told,  
By no sense else can be controll'd.

And this, perhaps, may prove the means,  
Once more to hedge in Providence.  
For, as Relapses make Diseases  
More desp'rate than their first Accesses;

If

If we but get again in Pow'r,  
Our Work is easier than before ;  
And we more ready and expert ;  
I th' Mystery, to do our Part.  
We, who did rather undertake  
The first War to create, than make :  
And when of Nothing 'twas begun,  
Rais'd Funds as strange, to carry't on ;  
Trepann'd the State, and fac'd it down,  
With Plots and Projects of our own :  
And if we did such Feats at first,  
What can we now w'are better vers'd ;  
Who have a freer Latitude  
Than Sinners give themselves, allow'd ?  
And therefore likeliest to bring in  
On fairest Terms our Discipline.  
To which it was reveal'd long since,  
We were ordain'd by Providence :  
When Three Saints Ears, our Predecessors,  
The Cause's Primitive Confessors,  
B'ing Crucified, the Nation stood  
In just so many Years of Blood :

That multipli'd by Six, express'd  
The perfect number of the Beast.  
And prov'd that we must be the Men,  
To bring this Work about agen :  
And those who laid the first Foundation,  
Compleat the thorow Reformation :  
For who have Gifts to carry on  
So great a Work, but We alone ?  
What Churches have such able Pastors ?  
And Precious, Powerful, Preaching-Masters ?  
Possess'd with Absolute Dominions,  
O'er Brethrens Purfes and Opinions ?  
And trusted with the Double Keys  
Of Heaven, and their Ware-houses ;  
Who, when the Cause is in Distress,  
Can furnish out what Sums they please,  
That Brooding lie in Bankers Hands,  
To be dispos'd at their Commands :  
And daily increase and multiply,  
With Doctrine, Use and Usury.  
Can fetch in Parties (as in War,  
All other Heads of Cattle are ; )

From

From th' Enemy of all Religions,  
As well as High and Low Conditions;  
And share them from Blue Ribbands down,  
To all Blue Aprons in the Town.  
From Ladies hurried in Calleches.  
With Cornets at their Footmens Breeches,  
To Bawds as Fat as Mother *Nab*,  
All Guts and Belly like a Crab.  
Our Party's great, and better tr'd  
With Oaths, and Trade, than any side :  
Has one considerabl' Improvement,  
To double fortifie the Cov'nant :  
I mean our Covenants to purchase,  
Delinquents Titles and the Churches :  
That pass in Sale, from Hand, to Hand,  
Among our selves, for Current Land,  
And Rise or Fall, like *Indian* Actions,  
According to the Rate of Factions,  
Our best Reserve for Reformation,  
When New Out-goings give occasion :  
That keeps the Loins of Brethren girt,  
The Covenant (their Creed) t' assert :



And when th' have pack'd a Parliament,  
Will once more try th' Expedient,  
Who can already muster Friends,  
To serve for members, to our Ends,  
That represent no part o' th' Nation,  
But *Fisher's-Folly* Congregation :  
Are only Tools to our Intrigues,  
And sit like Geese to hatch our Eggs,  
Who, by their Precedents of Wit,  
T' out-fast, out-loiter, and out-sit :  
Can order matters under-hand,  
To put all Bui'ness to a stand :  
Lay Publick Bills aside, for Private,  
And make 'em one another drive out ;  
Divert the Great and Necessary,  
With Trifles to contest and vary ;  
And make the Nation represent,  
And serve for us in Parliament ;  
Cut out more Work than can be done  
On *Plato's* Year ; but finish none,  
Unless it be the Bulls of *Lenthal*,  
That always pass for Fundamental,

Can set up Grandee against Grandee,  
To squander time away, and Bandy.  
Make Lords and Commoners lay Sieges  
To one another's Privileges;  
And, rather than compound the Quarrel,  
Engage, to th' inevitable peril  
Of both their Ruins; th' only Scope  
And Consolation of our Hope:  
Who, though we do not play the Game,  
Assist as much by giving Aim.  
Can introduce, our ancient Arts,  
For Heads of Factions, t' act their Parts.  
Know what a Leading Voice is worth;  
A Seconding, a Third, or Fourth:  
How much a Casting Vote comes to,  
That turns up Trump, of *I*, or *No*;  
And by adjusting all at th' End,  
Share ev'ry one his Dividend.  
An Art that so much Study cost,  
And now's in danger to be lost;  
Unless our Ancient *Virtuoso's*,  
That found it out, get into th' Houses.

These are the Courses that we took  
To carry things, by Hook or Crook :  
And practis'd down from Forty four,  
Until they turn'd us out of Door ;  
Besides the Herds of *Boutefeus*,  
We set on work, without the House.  
When ev'ry Knight and Citizen.  
Kept Legislative Journey-men,  
To bring them in Intelligence  
From all Points of the Rabbles Sense ;  
And fill the Lobbies of both Houses  
With Politick Important Buzzes :  
Set up Committees of Cabals,  
To pack Designs without the Walls.  
Examine, and draw up all News,  
And fit it to our present Use.  
Agree upon the Plot o'th' Farce,  
And every one his Part rehearse.  
Make Q's of Answers to way lay  
What th' other Party's like to say :  
What Repartees, and smart Reflections  
Shall be return'd to all Objections :

And

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## CANTO II. 119

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And who shall break the Master-Jest,  
And what, and how, upon the rest :  
Help Pamphlets out, with safe Editions,  
Of Proper Slanders and Seditions :  
And Treason for a Token send,  
By Letter, to a Country Friend.  
Disperse Lampoons, the only Wit,  
That Men like Burglary, commit :  
Wit, falser than a Padder's Face,  
That, all its Owner does, betrays :  
Who therefore dares not trust it, when  
He's in his calling, to be seen.  
Disperse the Dung on Barren Earth,  
To bring new Weeds of Discord forth.  
Be sure to keep up Congregations,  
In spite of Laws and Proclamations ;  
For Chiarratans can do no good,  
Until th' are mounted in a Crowd :  
And when th' are punish'd, all the Hurt  
Is but to fare the better for't ;  
As long as Confessors are sure  
Of double Pay for all th' endure :

And



And what they earn in Persecution,  
Are paid t' a Groat in Contribution.  
Whence some Tub-holders-forth have made  
In Powd'ring-Tubs their richest Trade :  
And while they kept their Shops in Prison,  
Have found their Prices strangely risen.  
Disdain to own the least Regret  
For all the Christian Blood w' have let ;  
'Twill save our Credit, and maintain  
Our Title to do so again :  
That needs not cost one drop of Sense,  
But pertinacious Impudence :  
Our Constancy t' our Principles,  
In time will wear out all things else :  
Like Marble Statues, rubb'd in Pieces,  
With Gallantry of Pilgrim's Kisses :  
While those who turn and wind their Oaths  
Have swell'd, and sunk like other Froths.  
Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long,  
Before from World to World they swung :  
As they had turn'd from side to side ;  
And as the Changlings liv'd, they di'd.

This

This said ; th' impatient States-Monger  
 Could now contain himself no longer ;  
 Who had not spar'd to shew his Picques,  
 Against th' Haranguer's Politicks ?  
 With smart Remarks of Leering Faces,  
 And Annotations of Grimaces,  
 After h' had ministred a Dose  
 Of *Snuff-Mundungus*, to his Nose ;  
 And powder'd th' inside of his Skull,  
 Instead of th' outward Jobberno!,  
 He shook it with a scornful Look  
 On th' Adversary, and thus he spoke :  
 In Dressing a Calf's Head altho'  
 The Tongue and Brains together go,  
 Both keep so great a distance here,  
 'Tis strange, if ever they come near :  
 For, who did ever play his Gambols,  
 With such insufferable Rambles ?  
 To make the bringing in the King,  
 And keeping of him out, one thing ?  
 Which none could do, but those who swore  
 T'as Point blank Nonsense heretofore :

That

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122 CANTO II.

---

That to Defend was to invade,  
And to Assassinate, to Aid:  
Unless because you drove him out,  
( And that was never made a Doubt )  
No Pow'r is able to restore  
And bring him in, but on your Score.  
A Spiritual Doctrine, that conduces  
Most properly, to all your Uses.  
'Tis true, a Scorpion's Oyl is said  
To cure the Wounds the Vermine made;  
And Weapons dress'd with Salves, restore  
And heal the Hurts they gave before :  
But whether Presbyterians have  
So much Good Nature as the Salve,  
Or Vertue in them as the Vermine,  
Those who have tri'd 'em can determine.  
Indeed, 'tis pity you should miss  
Th' Arrears of all your Services,  
And for th' Eternal Obligation  
Y' have laid upon th' Ungrateful Nation ;  
B' us'd so unconscionable hard,  
As not to find a just Reward.

For

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## CANTO II. 123

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For letting Rapine loose, and Murther,  
To rage just so far, but no further;  
And setting all the Land on Fire,  
To burn t' Scantling, but no higher :  
For vent'ring to assassinate,  
And cut the Throats of Church and State :  
And not b' allow'd the fittest Men  
To take the Charge of both agen.  
Especially that have the Grace  
Of Self-denying, Gifted Face ;  
Who, when your Projects have miscarry'd,  
Can lay them, with undaunted Fore-head,  
On those you painfully trepann'd,  
And sprinkled in at Second Hand,  
As we have been to share the Guilt  
Of Christian Blood, devoutly spilt :  
For so our Ignorance was flam'd,  
To damn our selves, t' avoid being damn'd :  
Till finding your old Foe, the Hang-man,  
Was like to lurch you at *Back-Gammon* ;  
And win your Necks upon the Set,  
As well as ours, who did but Bet :

( For



(For he had drawn your Ears before,  
And nick'd 'em on the self same Score :)  
We threw the Box and Dice away,  
Before y' had lost us at foul Play :  
And brought you down to Rook, and Lye,  
And Fancy only, on the By.  
Redeem'd your forfeit Jobbernols,  
From pearching upon lofty Poles :  
And rescued all your Outward Traitors  
From hanging up like Allegators :  
For which ingeniously y' have shew'd  
Your Presbyterian Gratitude :  
Would freely have paid us home in kind,  
And not have been one Rope behind.  
Those were your Motives to divide,  
And scruple, on the other side,  
To turn your Zealous Frauds, and Force,  
To fits of Conscience and Remorse :  
To be convinc'd they were in vain,  
And face about for New again :  
For Truth no more unveil'd your Eyes,  
Than Maggots are convinc'd to Flies :

And

And therefore, all your Lights and Calls  
Are but Apocryphal, and False,  
To charge us with the Consequences  
Of all your Native Insolences;  
That to your own Imperious Wills,  
Laid Law and Gospel Neck and Heels:  
Corrupted the Old Testament,  
To serve the New for Precedent:  
T' amend its Errors and Defects,  
With Murder and Rebellion-Texts:  
Of which there is not any one  
In all the Book, to sow upon:  
And therefore (from your Tribe) the Jews  
Held Christian Doctrine forth and Use:  
As *Mahomet* (your Chief began  
To mix them in the *Alchoran*:  
Denounc'd, and pray'd, with Fierce Devotion,  
And bended Elbows on the Cushion:  
Stole from the Beggars all your Tones,  
And Gifted Mortifying Groans:  
Had Lights where better Eyes were blind,  
As Pigs are said to see the Wind:

Fill'd

Fill'd *Bedlam* with *Predestination*,  
And *Knights-Bridge* with *Illumination* :  
Made Children, with your Tones, to run for't,  
As bad as *Bloody-Bones* or *Lunsford*.  
While Women, Great with Child, miscarri'd  
For being to Malignants marri'd,  
Transform'd all Wives to *Dalilahs*,  
Whose Husbands are not for the Cause :  
And turn'd the Men to Ten-Horn'd Cattel;  
Because they came not out to Battel :  
Made Taylors Prentices turn Heroes,  
For fear of b'ing transform'd to *Meroz* ;  
And rather forfeit their Indentures,  
Than not espouse the Saints adventures.

Could Transubstantiate, Metamorphose,  
And charm whole Herds of Beasts, like *Orpheus*  
Inchant the King's and Churches Lands,  
T' obey and follow your Commands :  
And settle on a New Free-hold,  
As *Marck-Hill* had done of Old,  
Could turn the Covenant, and translate  
The Gospel into Spoons and Plate :

Expound

Expound upon all Merchants Cashes,  
And open th' intricatest Places :  
Could Catechise a Money-Box,  
And prove all Powches Orthodox ;  
Until the Cause became a *Damon*,  
And *Pythias*, the wicked *Mammon*.

And yet, in spite of all your Charms,  
To conjure Legion up in Arms ;  
And raise more Devils in the Rout,  
Than e'er y' were able to cast out :  
Y' have been reduc'd, and by those Fools,  
Bred up (you say) in your own Schools ;  
Who, tho' but gifted at your Feet,  
Have made it plain they have more Wit.  
By whom y' have been so oft trepan'd,  
And held forth out of all Command :  
Out-gifted, Out-impuls'd, Out-done,  
And Out-reveal'd at Carryings on.  
Of all your Dispensations Worm'd,  
Out-providenc'd, and Out-reform'd ;  
Ejected out of Church and State,  
And all things, but the People's Hate :



And spirited out of th' Enjoyments,  
Of precious, edifying Employments ;  
By those who lodg'd their Gifts and Graces,  
Like better Bowlers, in your Places.  
All which you bore, with Resolution,  
Charg'd on th' Account of Persecution ;  
And though, most righteously oppress'd,  
Against your Wills, still acquiesc't :  
And never Hum'd and Hah'd Sedition,  
Nor snuff'd Treason, nor Misprision.  
That is, because you never durst ;  
For, had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,  
Alas ! you were no longer able  
To raise your *Posse* of the Rabble :  
One single Red-Coat Sentinel  
Out-charm'd the Magick of the Spell ;  
And with his Squirt-fire, could disperse  
Whole Troops, with Chapter rais'd, and Verse :  
We know too well those tricks of yours  
To leave it ever in your Powers :  
Or trust our Safeties, or Undoings,  
To your Disposing of Out-goings ;

Or to your Ord'ring Providence,  
One farthings-worth of Consequence.

For had you Pow'r to undermine,  
Or Wit to carry a Design,  
Or Correspondence, to trepan,  
Inveagle, or betray one Man ;  
There's nothing else that intervenes,  
And bars your Zeal to use the means.  
And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,  
To bring in Kings, or keep them out :  
Brave Undertakers to restore,  
That could not keep your selves in pow'r,  
T' advance the Int'rests of the Crown,  
That wanted Wit to keep your own.

Tis true, you have ( for Il'd be loth  
To wrong ye ) done your Parts, in Both ;  
To keep him out, and bring him in,  
As Grace is introduc'd by Sin ;  
For 'twas your zealous want of Sence,  
And sanctify'd Impertinence ;  
Your carrying Bus'ness in a huddle ;  
That forc'd our Rulers to New Model ;

Oblig'd the State to tack about,  
And turn you, Root and Branch, all out;  
To Reformado, One and All,  
T' your Great *Croysado*, General.  
Your greedy flav'ring to devour,  
Before 'twas in your Clutches Pow'r,  
That sprung the Game you were to set,  
Before y' had time to draw the Net:  
Your Spight to see the Church's Lands  
Divided into other Hands,  
And all your Sacrilegious Ventures,  
Laid out in Tickets and Debentures;  
Your Envy to be sprinkled down,  
By Under-Churches in the Town;  
And no Course us'd to stop their Mouths,  
Nor th' Independents spreading Growths.  
All which consider'd, 'tis most true,  
None bring him in so much as you:  
Who have prevail'd beyond their Plots,  
The Midnight Junto's, and seal'd Knots;  
That thrive more by your Zealous Piques,  
Than all their own rash Politicks.

And

And this way you may claim a Share,  
In carrying (as you brag) th'Affair;  
Else Frogs, and Toads, that croak'd the *Jems*,  
From *Pharo*, and his Brick-kilns loose:  
And Flies, and Mange, that set them free,  
From Task-Masters, and Slavery:  
Were likelier to do the Feat,  
In any indiff'rent Man's Conceit;  
For who e'er heard of Restoration,  
Until your thorough Reformation?  
That is, the King's and Churches Lands  
Were sequestred int'other Hands:  
For, only then, and not before,  
Your Eyes were opened to restore.  
And when the Work was carrying on,  
Who crost it, but your selves alone?  
As, by a World of Hints, appears,  
All plain, and extant, as your Ears.  
But first o'th'first; The Isle of *Wight*  
Will rise up, if you should deny't;  
Where *Henderson*, and th'other Masses,  
Were sent to cap Texts, and put Cases:



To pass for deep and Learned Scholars ;  
 Although but Paltry *Ob* and *Sollers* :  
 As if th' unseasonable Fools  
 Had been a Courting in the Schools ;  
 Until th' had prov'd the Devil Author  
 O' th' Cov'nant ; and the Cause, his *Daughter* ;  
 For when they charg'd him with the Guilt  
 Of all the Blood that had been spilt ;  
 They did not mean he wrought th' Effusion  
 In Person, like *Sir Pride*, or *Hughson* ;  
 But only those who first begun  
 The Quarrel, were by him set on.  
 And who could those be but the Saints,  
 Those Reformation Termagants ?  
 But 'ere this pass, the wise Debate  
 Spent so much Time, it grew too late ;  
 For *Oliver* had gotten Ground,  
 T'inclose 'em with his Warriors, round :  
 Had brought his Providence about,  
 And turn'd th' untimely Sophists out.  
 Nor had the *Oxbridge* Bus'ness less  
 Of Nonsense in't, or Sortishness ;

When

When from a Scoundrel Holder-forth,  
The Scum, as well as Son o' th' Earth,  
Your mighty Senators took Law,  
At his Command, were forc'd t' withdraw;  
And sacrifice the Peace o' th' Nation  
To Doctrine, Use, and Application.  
So when the *Scots*, your constant Cronies,  
Th' Espousers of your Cause and Monies:  
Who had so often, in your Aid,  
So many ways been soundly paid;  
Came in at last for better Ends,  
To prove themselves your trusty Friends,  
You basely left them, and the Church,  
They 'd train'd you up to, in the Lurch,  
And suffer'd your own Tribe of Christians  
To fall before, as true *Philistines*.  
This shews what Utensils y' have been,  
To bring the King's Concernments in  
Which is so far from being true,  
That none but he can bring in you,  
And if he take you into Trust,  
Will find you most exactly just:

Such as will punctually repay  
With double Int'rest, and betray.

Not that I think those Pantomimes,  
Who vary Action with the Times,  
Are less ingenious in their Art,  
Than those who dully act one Part ;  
Or those who turn from Side, to Side ;  
More guilty than the Wind and Tide.  
All Countries are a Wise Man's Home,  
And so are Governments to some,  
Who Change them for the same Intrigues  
That States-Men use in breaking Leagues :  
While others in Old Faiths and Troths,  
Look odd as in Out-of fashion'd Cloaths :  
And nastier, in an old Opinion,  
Than those who never shift their Linnen.

For True and Faithful's sure to lose,  
Which way soever the Game goes ;  
And whether Parties lose or win,  
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in,  
While Pow'r usurp'd, like stoln Delight,  
Is more bewitching than the Right.

And

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## CANTO II. 135

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And when the Times begin to alter,  
None rise so high as from the Halter.

And so may We, if w' have but Sense  
To use the necessary Means,  
And not your usual Stratagems  
On one another, Lights and Dreams.  
To stand on Terms as positive,  
As if we did not take, but give:  
Set up the Covenant on Crutches,  
'Gainst those who have us in their Clutches,  
And dream of pulling Churches down,  
Before w'are sure to prop our own:  
Your constant Method of Proceeding,  
Without the Carnal Means of Heeding:  
Who, 'twixt your inward Sense, and outward,  
Are worse, than if y'had none, accoutred.

I grant, All Courses are in vain,  
Unless we can get in again;  
The only way that's left us now,  
But all the difficulty's, *How?*  
'Tis true! w'have Money, th'only Pow'r  
That all Mankind falls down before:  
Money,



Money, that, like the Swords of Kings,  
Is the last Reason of all things :  
And therefore need not doubt our Play,  
Has all Advantages that way :  
As long as Men have Faith to sell,  
And meet with those that can pay well ;  
Whose half-starv'd Pride and Avarice,  
One Church and State will not suffice  
T' expose to Sale ; beside the Wages  
Of storing Plagues to after-Ages.  
Nor is our Money less our own,  
Than 'twas before we laid it down :  
For 'twill return, and turn t' Account,  
If we are bought in Play upon't ;  
Or, but by casting Knaves, get in,  
What Pow'r can hinder us to win ?  
We know the Arts we us'd before,  
In Peace and War, and something more,  
And by th' unfortunate Events,  
Can mend our next Experiments :  
For, when w' are taken into Trust,  
How easie are the wisest chous'd ?

Who

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## CANTO II. 137

---

Who see but th' Outfides of our Feats,  
And not their secret Springs and Weights:  
And while th' are bafic, at their Eafe,  
Can carry what Designs we please:  
How eafie is't to ferve for Agents,  
To profecute our own Engagements?  
To keep the *Good Old Caufe* on foot,  
And prevent Pow'r from taking Root?  
Inflame them both with falfe Alarms,  
Of Plots, and Parties taking Arms;  
To keep the Nation's Wounds too wide  
From healing up of Side to Side,  
Profefs the passionat'ft Concerns,  
For both their Interests, by Turns.  
The only Way t' improve our own,  
By dealing faithfully with none;  
(As Bowls run true by being made  
On purpose falfe, and to be fway'd)  
For if we fhould be true to either,  
'Twould turn us out of both together:  
And therefore have no other Means,  
To ftand upon our own Defence:

But

But keeping up our Ancient Party  
In Vigor, Confident, and Hearty :  
To reconcile our late Dissenters,  
Our Brethren, though by other Ventures,  
Unite them, and their diff'rent Maggots,  
As long and short Sticks are in Faggots.  
And make them join again as close,  
As when they first began t'Espouse;  
Erect them into Separate,  
New Jewish Tribes, in Church and State;  
To join in Marriage and Commerce,  
And only 'mong themselves Converse.  
And all that are not of their Mind,  
Make Enemies to all Mankind :  
Take all Religions in and stickle,  
From Conclave, down to Conventicle;  
Agreeing still, or disagreeing,  
According to the Light in Being.  
Sometimes, for Liberty of Conscience,  
And Spiritual Mis-rule, in one Sense :  
But in another quite contrary,  
As Dispensations chance to vary :

And

And stand for, as the Times will bear it,  
All Contradictions of the Spirit :  
Protect their Emissaries, impowr'd  
To preach Sedition and the Word :  
And when th'are hamper'd by the Laws,  
Release the Lab'ers for the Cause ;  
And turn the Persecution back,  
On those that made the first Attack.

To keep them equally in awe,  
From breaking, or maintaining Law ;  
And when they have their Fits too soon,  
Before the Full-Tides of the Moon :  
Put off their Zeal t' a fitter Season,  
For sowing Faction in, and Treason ;  
And keep them hooded, and their Churches,  
Like Hawks from bating on their Perches.  
That when the Blessed Time shall come,  
Of quitting *Babylon* and *Rome*,  
They may be ready to restore  
Their own *Fifth-Monarchy*, once more ;  
Mean while, be better Arm'd to Fence,  
Against Revolts of Providence ;

By



By watching narrowly, and snapping  
All blind Sides of it, as they happen :  
For, if Success could make us Saints,  
Our Ruine turn'd us Miscreants :  
A Scandal that would fall too hard  
Upon a few, and unprepar'd.

These are the Courses we must run,  
Spite of our Hearts, or be undone :  
And not to stand on Terms and Freaks,  
Before we have secur'd our Necks.  
But do your Work, as out of Sight,  
As Stars by Day, and Suns by Night :  
All Licence of the People own,  
In Opposition to the Crown.  
And for the Crown as fiercely side,  
The Head and Body to divide.  
The End of all we first design'd,  
And all that yet remains behind :  
Be sure to spare no publick Rapine,  
On all Emergencies that happen ;  
For 'tis as easie to supplant  
Authority, as Men in Want :

As some of us, in Trusts, have made  
The one Hand with the other trade;  
Gain'd vastly by their Joint Endeavour:  
The Right a Thief, the Left, Receiver;  
And what the one, by Tricks, forestall'd,  
The other, by as sly, retail'd.  
For Gain has wonderful Effects,  
T' improve the Factory of Sects:  
The Rule of Faith in all Professions,  
And great *Diana* of th' *Ephesians*:  
Whence turning of Religion's made  
The Means to turn and wind a Trade.  
And tho' some change it for the worse,  
They put themselves into a Course;  
And draw in store of Customers,  
To thrive the better in Commerce:  
For all Religions flock together,  
Like Tame and Wild Fowl of a Feather;  
To nab the Itches of their Sects:  
As Jades do one another's Necks.  
Hence 'tis Hypocrisie, as well,  
Will serve t' improve a Church, as Zeal:

As

As Persecution, or Promotion,  
Do equally advance Devotion.

Let Business, like ill Watches, go  
Sometimes too fast, sometimes too slow :  
For things in order are put out  
So easie, Ease it self will do't.  
But when the Feat's design'd and meant,  
What Miracle can bear th'event?  
For 'tis more easie to betray,  
Than ruin any other way.

All possible Occasions start,  
The Weighty'st Matters to divert :  
Obstruct, Perplex, Distract, Intangle,  
And lay perpetual Trains to wrangle :  
But in Affairs of less import,  
That neither do us Good nor Hurt,  
And they receive as little by,  
Out-fawn as much, and Out-comply :  
And seem as scrupulously just,  
To bait our Hooks for greater Trust.

But still be careful to cry down  
All publick Actions, though our own :

The

The least Miscarriage aggravate;  
And charge it all upon the State:  
Express the horrid'st Detestation;  
And pity the distracted Nation.  
Tell Stories, scandalous and false;  
I' th' proper Language of Cabals:  
Where all a subtil States-man says  
Is half in Words, and half in Face:  
(As *Spaniards* talk in Dialogues,  
Of Heads and Shoulders, Nods and Shrugs)  
Entrust it under solemn Vows  
Of Mum and Silence, and the Rose,  
To be Retail'd again in Whispers,  
For th' easie credulous to disperse.

Thus far the States-man. When a Shout,  
Heard at a distance, put him out;  
And straight another, all agast,  
Rush'd in with equal Fear and Haste:  
Who star'd about, as pale as Death,  
And for a while, *as out of Breath*;  
Till having gather'd up his Wits,  
He thus began his Tale by fits:



That beastly Rabble, — that came down  
From all the Garrets — in the Town,  
And Stalls, and Shop-boards — in vast Swarms,  
With new chalk'd Bills, — and rusty Arms,  
To cry the Cause — up, heretofore,  
And bawl the Bishops — out of Door;  
Are now drawn up, — in greater Shoals,  
To Roast — and Boil us on the Coals:  
And all the Grandees — of our Members  
Are Carbonading on — the Embers;  
Knights, Citizens and Burgeesses —  
Held forth by Rumps — of Pigs and Geese  
That serve for Characters — and Badges,  
To represent their Personages.  
Each Bone-fire is a Funeral Pile,  
In which they Roast, and Scorch, and Broil;  
And ev'ry Representative  
Have vow'd to Roast — and Broil alive;  
And 'tis a Miracle, we are not  
Already sacrific'd Incarnate.  
For while we wrangle here, and jar,  
We're Grylly'd all at Temple-Bar:  
Some,

Some, on the Sign-Post of an Ale-house,  
Hang in Effigie, on the Gallows,  
Made up of Rags to personate  
Respective Officers of State ;  
That henceforth they may stand reputed,  
Proscrib'd in Law, and Executed,  
And while the Work is carrying on,  
Be ready Listed under *Dun*;  
That Worthy Patriot, once the Bellows,  
And Tinder-box of all his Fellows.  
The activ'st Member of the Five,  
As well as the most Primitive:  
Who, for his faithful Service then,  
Is chosen for a Fifth agen ;  
(For, since the State has made a Quint  
Of Generals, he's listed in't.)  
This Worthy, as the World will say,  
Is paid in Specie, his own way ;  
For moulded to the Life in Clouts,  
Th' have pick'd from Dung-hills hereabouts,  
He's mounted on a Hazel Bavin,  
A crop'd Malignant Baker gave 'em :

And, to the largest Bonfire riding,  
Th' have roasted *Cook* already, and *Pride-m*.  
On whom, in Equipage, and State,  
His Scare-crow Fellow Members wait;  
And March in order, two and two,  
As at Thanksgiving th' us'd to do:  
Each in a tatter'd *Talismane*,  
Like Vermine in Effigie slain.

But (what's more dreadful than the rest)  
Those Rumps are but the Tail o' th' Beast;  
Set up by Popish Engineers;  
As by the Crackers plainly appears;  
For, none but Jesuits have a Mission,  
To preach the Faith with Ammunition;  
And propagate the Church with Powder,  
Their Founder was a blown-up Soldier.  
These Spiritual Pioneers o' th' Whore's,  
That have the Charge of all her Stores;  
Since first they fail'd in their Designs,  
To take in Heav'n by springing Mines;  
And with unanswerable Barrels  
Of Gun-powder, dispute their Quarrels:  
Now

Now take a Course more practicable,  
 By laying Trains to fire the Rabble,  
 And blow us up in th' open Streets;  
 Disguis'd in Rumps, like Sambenites;  
 More like to Ruin and Confound,  
 Than all their Doctrines under-ground.

Nor have they chosen Rumps amiss,  
 For Symbols of State Mysteries;  
 Though some suppose, 'twas but a shew  
 How much they scorn'd the Saints, the Few:  
 Who, 'cause th'are wasted to the Stumps,  
 Are represented best by Rumps.  
 But Jesuits have deeper Reaches  
 In all their Politick Far-fetches:  
 And from their Coptick Priest, *Kircherus*,  
 Found out this Mysttick way to jear us.

For, as the *Egyptians* us'd, by Bees,  
 T'express their Antick *Ptolomies*;  
 And by their Stings, the Swords they wore,  
 Held forth Authority and Pow'r:  
 Because these subtil Animals  
 Bear all their Int'rests in their Tails;



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And when th<sup>ere</sup> are once impar'd in that.  
Are banish'd their Well order'd State :  
They thought, all Governments were best,  
By Hieroglyphick Rumps exprest.

For as in Bodies Natural,  
The Rump's the Fundament of all ;  
So, in a Commonwealth, or Realm,  
The Government is call'd the Helm :  
With which, like Vessels under Sail,  
Th<sup>ere</sup> are turn'd and winded by the Tail.  
The Tail, which Birds and Fishes steer  
Their Courfes with, through Sea and Air ;  
To whom the Rudder of the Rump is  
The same thing with the Stern and Compass.  
This shews, how perfectly the Rump  
And Commonwealth in Nature jump.  
For, as a Fly, that goes to Bed,  
Rests with his Tail above his Head ;  
So in this Mungril State of ours,  
The Rabble are the Supreme Powers,  
That Hors'd us on their Backs to show us  
A Jadish trick at last, and throw us.

The

The Learned Rabbins of the Jews  
Write, there's a Bone, which they call *Luez*,  
I'th' Rump of Man, of such a Vertue,  
No force in Nature can do hurt to;  
And therefore, at the last Great Day,  
All th' other Members shall, they say,  
Spring out of this, as from a Seed,  
All sorts of Vegetals proceed:  
From whence, the Learned Sons of Art,  
*Os Sacrum*, justly stile that part.

Then what can better represent,  
Than this Rump Bone, the Parliament?  
That after several rude Ejections,  
And as prodigious Resurrections;  
With new Reversions of nine Lives,  
Starts up, and, like a Cat, revives?

But now, alas, th'are all expir'd,  
And th'House, as well as Members, fir'd,  
Consum'd in Kennels, by the Rout,  
With which they other Fires put out:  
Condemn'd t'ungoverning Distress,  
And Paultry, Private Wretchedness;

Worse than the Devil to Privation,  
Beyond all hopes of Restauration  
And parted like the Body and Soul,  
From all Dominion and Controul.  
We, who could lately, with a Look,  
Enact, Establish, or Revoke;  
Whose Arbitrary Nods gave Law,  
And Frowns keep multitudes in Awe:  
Before the Bluster of whose Huff,  
All Hats, as in a Storm, flew off,  
Ador'd and bow'd to by the Great,  
Down to the Foot-man, and Valet.  
Had more bent Knees than Chappel-Mats,  
And Prayers, than the Crowns of Hats;  
Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly,  
For Ruin's just as low as high;  
Which might be suffer'd, were it all  
The Horroir, that attends our Fall:  
For, some of us have Scores more large  
Than Heads and Quarters can discharge,  
And others who, by restless scraping,  
With Publick Frauds, and Private Rapine;  
Have

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## CANTO II. 151

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Have mighty Heaps of Wealth amass'd,  
Would gladly lay down all at last:  
And to be but done, Entail  
Their Vessels on perpetual Jail;  
And bless the Devil to let them Farms  
Of forfeit Souls, on no worse Terms.

This said, a near and louder Shout  
Put all th' Assembly to the Rout:  
Who now Begun t' out-run their Fear,  
As Horses do, from those that bear:  
But crouded on, with so much haste,  
Until th' had block'd the Passage fast;  
And Barridaco'd it with Haunches  
Of Outward Men, and Bulks and Paunches:  
That with their Shoulders strove to squeeze,  
And rather save a Crippl'd piece  
Of all their crush'd and broken Members,  
Than have them Grill'd on the Embers:  
Still pressing on with heavy Packs,  
Of one another, on their Backs:  
The Van-Guard could no longer bear  
The Charges of the Forlorn Rere;

But



But born down headlong by the Rout,  
Were trampled sorely under Foot.  
Yet nothing prov'd so formidable,  
Asth' horrid Cookery of the Rabble :  
And Fear that keeps all Feeling out,  
As lesser Pains are, by the Gout,  
Reliev'd 'em with a fresh Supply  
Of rallied Force, enough to fly ;  
And beat a *Tuscan* Running Horse,  
Whose Jocky-Rider is all Spurs.

CANTO

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## CANTO III. 153

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### The ARGUMENT of the THIRD CANTO.

*The Knight and Squire's Prodigious Flight,  
To quit th' Incharmed Bow'r by Night :  
He plods to turn his Amorous Suit  
T' a Plea in Law, and prosecute :  
Repairs to Counsel, to advise  
'Bout managing the Enterprize :  
But first Resolves to try by Letter,  
And once more fair Address, to get her.*

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## CANTO III.

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**W**Ho would believe what strange Bugbears  
Mankind creates it self, of Fears?  
That spring like Fern, that Insect Weed,  
Equivocally, without Seed;  
And have no possible Foundation,  
But m'erly in th' Imagination :  
And yet can do more dreadful Feats,  
Than Hags, with all their Imps and Teats :  
Make

154 CANTO III.

Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,  
Than all their *Narseries of Elves*.

For Fear does things so like a Witch,

'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which,

Sets up Communities of Senses,

To chop and change Intelligences;

As *Rosi-crusian Vertuoso's*,

Can see with *Ears*, and hear with *Noses*:

And when they neither see nor hear,

Have more than both, supply'd by Fear;

That makes 'em in the Dark see *Visions*,

And hag themselves with *Apparitions*:

And when their Eyes discover least,

Discern the subt'lest Objects best.

Do things not contrary alone

To th' Course of Nature, but its own:

The Courage of the Bravest daunt,

And turn Poltroons as valiant;

For Men as resolute appear

With too much, as too little Fear.

And when th' are out of hopes of flying,

Will run away from Death by dying:

Or

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## CANTO III. 155

---

Or turn again to stand it out,  
And those they fled, like Lions, Rout.  
This *Hudibras* had prov'd too true,  
Who, by the Furies, left Perdue,  
And haunted with Detachments, sent  
From *Marshal-Legion's Regiment*;  
Was by a *Fiend*, as counterfeit,  
Reliev'd and Rescu'd with a Cheat:  
When nothing but Himself, and Fear,  
Was both the *Imps* and *Conjurer*:  
As by the Rules o'th' *Vertuosi*,  
It follows in due *Form of Poesie*.

Disguis'd in all the Masks of Night,  
We left our Champion on his flight:  
At *Blindman's-Buff*, to grope his way,  
In equal fear of *Night and Day*:  
Who took his dark and desp'rate Course,  
He knew no better than his Horse;  
And by an unknown Devil led,  
(He knew as little whither) fled.  
He never was in greater need,  
Nor less Capacity of Speed.

Disa-



Disabled both in Man and Beast,  
To fly, and run away, *his best*;  
To keep the Enemy, and Fear,  
From equal falling on his Rere.  
And tho' with Kicks and Bangs he ply'd  
The further, and the nearer side:  
(As *Sea-men* ride with all their force,  
And *Tug* as if they *Rowed the Horse*;  
And when the Hackney Sails most swift,  
Believe they *lag*, or *run a drift*)  
So though he posted e're so fast;  
His Fear was greater than his *Haste*:  
For Fear, tho' fleeteter than the Wind,  
Believes 'tis always left behind.  
But when the Morn began t' appear,  
And shift t' *another Scene* his Fear;  
He found his new *Officious Shade*,  
That came so timely to his Aid,  
And forc'd him from the Foe t' escape,  
Had turn'd it self to *Ralpho's shape*;  
So like in *Person, Garb and Pitch*,  
'Twas hard t' interpret *which was which*.

For

For *Ralpho* had no sooner told  
The Lady all he had t' unfold,  
But she convey'd him out of sight;  
To entertain the approaching Knight.  
And while he gave himself Diversion,  
T'accommodate his *Beast and Person*;  
And put his *Beard* into a Posture,  
At best Advantage to accost her:  
She order'd th' *Antimasquerade*,  
(For his Reception) *afore said*:  
But when the Ceremony was done,  
The *Lights* put out, and *Furies* gone;  
And *Hudibras*, amongst the rest,  
Convey'd away, as *Ralpho* guess'd:  
The wretch'd Caitiff all alone,  
(As he believ'd) began to moan,  
And tell his Story to himself;  
The Knight mistook him for an Elf.  
And did so still, till he began  
To scruple at *Ralph's* Outward Man:  
And thought, because they oft agreed,  
T' appear in one another's stead,

And

And act the *Saint's* and *Devils* Part,  
With undistinguishable Art:  
They might have done so now perhaps,  
And put on one another's Shapes;  
And therefore, to resolve the Doubt;  
He star'd upon him, and cry'd out;  
What art? My Squire, or that bold Sprite;  
That took his Place and Shape to Night?  
Some busie Independent Pug,  
Retainer to his Synagogue?  
Alas, *quoth he*, I'm none of those  
Your Bosom Friends, as you suppose;  
But *Ralph* himself, your trusty Squire,  
Wh' has drag'd your Dunship out o' th' Mire;  
And from th' Inchantments of a Widow,  
Wh' had turn'd you int' a Beast, have freed you;  
And, though a Prisoner of War,  
Have brought you safe, where now you are.  
Which you would gratefully repay,  
Your constant Presbyterian way.  
That's stranger (*quoth the Kt.*) and stranger:  
Who gave thee notice of my danger?

*Quoth*

# CANTO III. 159

*Quoth he,* Th' Infernal Conjuror  
 Pursu'd and took me Prisoner;  
 And knowing you were here about,  
 Brought me along, to find you out.  
 Where I, in Hugger-mugger hid,  
 Have noted all they said and did,  
 And though they lay to him the Pageant,  
 I did not see him, nor his Agent;  
 Who play'd their Sorceries ought of sight,  
 T' avoid a fiercer, second Fight.

But, didst thou see no Devils then?  
 Not one, *quoth he,* but Carnal Men,  
 A little worse than Fiends in Hell,  
 And that She-Devil, *Jezabel;*  
 That laugh'd and teh-hed with derision,  
 To see them take your Deposition.  
 What then (*quoth Hudibras*) was he,  
 That plaid the Dev'l, to examine me?  
 A Rallying Weaver in the Town,  
 That did it in a Parson's Gown:  
 Whom all the Parish takes for gifted;  
 But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it;

L

In



In which you told them all your Feats,  
 Your Conscientious Frauds and Cheats,  
 Deny'd your Whipping, and confess'd  
 The naked Truth of all the rest,  
 More plainly than the Reverend Writer,  
 That to our Churches veil'd his Mitre.  
 All which they took in Black and White,  
 And cudgel'd me to under-write.  
 What made thee, when they all were gone,  
 And none but thou and I alone;  
 To act the Devil, and forbear  
 To rid me of my *Hellish Fear*?  
*Quoth he*, I knew your constant Rate,  
 And Frame of Sp'rit, too obstinate,  
 To be by me prevail'd upon  
 With any Motives of my own:  
 And therefore strove to counterfeit  
 The Dev'l a while, to Nick your Wit:  
 The Devil, that is your constant Crony,  
 That only can prevail upon ye;  
 Else we might still have been disputing,  
 And they with weighty Drubs confuting.

The

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CANTO III. 161

---

The Knight, who now began to find  
Th'had left the Enemy behind;  
And saw no farther harm remain,  
But feeble Weariness and Pain;  
Perceiv'd, by losing of their Way,  
Th' had gain'd th' advantage of the Day:  
And by declining of the Road,  
They had by chance their Rere made good,  
He ventur'd to dismiss his *Fear*,  
That parting's wont to *Rent and Tear*,  
And gives the desperat'ft Attack  
To danger still behind its Back.  
For, having paus'd to recollect,  
And on his past Success reflect,  
T'examine and consider why,  
And whence, and how, he came to fly;  
And when no Devil had appear'd,  
What else, it could be said, he fear'd?  
It put him in so fierce a Rage,  
He once resolv'd to re-engage;  
Toft like a Foot-ball back again,  
With *Shame, and Vengeance, and Disdain*.

*Quoth he,* It was thy Cowardice  
That made me from this Leaguer rise;  
And when I had half reduc'd the place,  
To quit it infamously base,  
Was better cover'd by thy New  
Arriv'd Detachment than I knew:  
To flight my new Acquests, and run  
Victoriously, from Battels won.  
And reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,  
To sell them cheaper than they cost.  
To make me put my self to flight;  
And Conqu'ring, run away by Night,  
To drag me out, which th' haughty Foe,  
Durst never have presum'd to do.  
To mount me in the dark by force,  
Upon the bare Ridge of my Horse,  
Expos' in Queipo to their Rage,  
Without my Arms and Equipage;  
Left, if they ventur'd to pursue,  
I might th' unequal Fight renew;  
And, to preserve thy Outward Man,  
Assum'd my Place, and led the Van.

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CANTO III. 163

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All this, quoth *Ralph*, I did, 'tis true,  
Not to preserve my self, but you.  
You who were damn'd to baser Drubs,  
Than Wretches feel in Powd'ring Tubs.  
To mount two wheel'd Carroches, worse  
Than managing a Wooden Horse:  
Dragg'd out thro' straiter Holes, by th' Ears,  
Eras'd, or Coup'd for Perjurers.  
Who, though th' Attempt had prov'd in vain,  
Yet had not reason to complain:  
But since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome  
To Blame the Hand that paid your Ransom;  
And rescued your obnoxious Bones,  
From unavoidable Battoons.  
The Enemy was re-inforc'd,  
And we diabl'd and unhors'd:  
Disarm'd, unqualifi'd for Fight;  
And no way left, but hasty Flight.  
Which, though as desperate in th' Attempt,  
Has giv'n you freedom to condemn't.

But were our Bones in fit Condition  
To re-inforce the Expedition,



'Tis now unseasonable, and vain,  
To think of falling on again;  
No Martial Project to surprize,  
Can ever be attempted twice;  
Nor cast design serve afterwards,  
As Gamesters tear their losing Cards.  
Beside, our bangs of Man and Beast  
Are fit for nothing now but Rest,  
And for a while will not be able  
To rally, and prove serviceable:  
And therefore I with Reason chose  
This Stratagem, t'amuse our Foes,  
To make an Hon'able Retreat,  
And wave a total sure Defeat:  
For, those that fly, may fight again,  
Which he can never do that's slain.  
Hence timely Running's no mean part  
Of Conduct, in the Martial Art.  
By which some Glorious Feats atchieve,  
As Citizens, by breaking, thrive.  
And Cannons conquer Armies, while  
They seem to draw off and recoyl.

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CANTO III. 165

---

Is held the gallantest Course, and bravest,  
To great Exploits, as well as safest:  
That spares th' Expence of time and pains,  
And dangerous beating out of Brains.  
And in the end prevails, as certain,  
As those that never trust to Fortune;  
But make their Fear do Execution  
Beyond the stoutest Resolution;  
As Earth-quakes kill without a Blow,  
And only trembling, overthrow.  
If th' Ancients Crown'd their bravest Men  
That only sav'd a Citizen,  
What Victory could e'er be won,  
If ev'ry one would save but one?  
Or Fight endanger'd to be lost,  
Where all resolve to save the most?  
By this means, when a Battel's won,  
The War's as far from being done:  
For those that save themselves, and fly,  
Go Halves, at least, i' th' Victory:  
And sometime, when their Loss is small,  
And Danger great, they challenge all:

Print new Additions to their Fears,  
And Emendations in Gazzetes;  
And when, for furious haste to run,  
They durst not stay to fire a Gun,  
Have don't with Bone-fires, and at home,  
Make Squibs and Crackers overcome.  
To settle the Rabble on a Flame,  
And keep their Governors from Blame,  
Disperse the News, the Pulpit tells,  
Confirm'd with Fire-works, and with Bells:  
And though reduc'd to that Extream,  
They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum*;  
Yet, with Religious Blasphemy,  
By flattering Heaven with a Lye,  
And for their Beating, giving Thanks,  
Th'have raisd Recruits, and fill'd their Banks.  
For those who run from th' Enemy,  
Engage them equally to fly;  
And when the Fight becomes a Chace,  
Those win the Day, that win the Race;  
And that which would not pass in Fights,  
Has done the Feat with easie Sights.

Re-

# CANTO III. 167

Recover'd many a desp'rate Campaign  
With *Bordeaux*, *Burgundy* and *Champagne*.  
Restor'd the fainting High and Mighty  
With Brandy, Wine and Aqua-vitæ,  
And made them stoutly overcome,  
With Bachrach, Hoccamore and Mum,  
Whom th' uncontroll'd Degrees of Fate  
To Victory necessitate.  
With, which, although they run or burn,  
They unavoidably return :  
Or else their Sultan-Populaces  
Still strangle all their routed Bassa's.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I understand  
What Fights thou mean'st at Sea and Land ;  
And who those were that run way,  
And yet gave out th' had won the day :  
Although the Rabble foug'd them for't,  
O'er Head and Ears in Mud and Dirt.  
'Tis true our Modern way of War  
Is grown more politick by far,  
But not so resolute and bold,  
Nor ty'd to Honour, as the Old.

For,



For, now they laugh at giving Battel,  
Unless it be to Herds of Cattel:  
Or fighting Convoys of Provision,  
The whole Design of th' Expedition,  
And not with downright Blows to rout  
The Enemy, but eat them out:  
As Fighting, in all Beasts of Prey,  
And Eating, are perform'd one way,  
To give Defiance to their Teeth,  
And fight their stubborn Guts to Death,  
And those atchieve the high'st Renown,  
That bring the other's Stomach down.  
There's now no fear of Wounds nor Maiming,  
All Dangers are reduc'd to Famine;  
And Feats of Arms, to Plot, Design,  
Surprize, and Stratagem, and Mine.  
But have no need, nor use of Courage,  
Unless it be for Glory, or Forage:  
For if they fight, 'tis but by Chance,  
When one side vent'ring to advance,  
And come uncivilly too near,  
Are charg'd unmercifully i' th' Rear:

And

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## CANTO III. 169

---

And forc'd with terrible Resistance,  
To keep hereafter at a distance,  
T' pick out Ground t' incamp upon,  
Where store of largest Rivers run,  
That serve instead of Peaceful Barriers  
To part th' Engagements of their Warriors.  
Where both from side to side may skip,  
And only encounter at Bo-peep:  
For Men are found the stouter hearted,  
The certainer th' are to be parted;  
And therefore post themselves in Bogs,  
As th' ancient Mice attack'd the Frogs;  
And made their mortal Enemy,  
The Water-Rat, their great Ally.  
For 'tis not now, who's stout and bold?  
But who bears Hunger best, and Cold:  
And he's approv'd the most deserving,  
Who longest can hold out at starving:  
But he that routs most Pigs and Cows,  
The formidablest Man of Prowess.  
So, th' Emperor *Caligula*,  
That triumph'd o'er the *British* Sea;  
Took

Took Crabs and Oyfters Prifoners,  
 And Lobfters, 'ftead of Curafiers;  
 Engag'd his Legions in fierce Buftles,  
 With Periwinkles, Prawns and Mufcles:  
 And led his Troops with furious Gallops,  
 To charge whole Regiments of Scallops;  
 Not like their ancient way of War,  
 To wait on his Triumphal Carr:  
 But when he went to Dine or Sup,  
 More bravely eat his Captives up;  
 And left all War by his Example,  
 Reduc'd to vict'ling of a Camp well.

*Quoth Ralph,* By all that you have faid,  
 And twice as much that I could add,  
 'Tis plain, you cannot now do worfe,  
 Than take this Out of fafhion'd courfe;  
 To hope by Stratagem to woo her,  
 Or waging Battel to fubdue her,  
 Though fome have done it in Romances,  
 And hang'd them into amorous Fancies,  
 As thofe, who won the Amazons,  
 By wanton drubbing of their Bones:

And

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## CANTO III. 171

---

And stout *Rinaldo* gain'd his Bride  
By Courting of her Back and Side.  
But since those times and feats are over,  
They are not for a Modern Lover:  
When Mistresses are too cross-grain'd,  
By such addreses to be gain'd,  
And if they were, would have it out,  
With many other kind of Bout.  
Therefore I hold no Course 's infesible  
As is of force to win the Jezebel,  
To storm her heart, by th' Antick Charms  
Of Ladies Errant, force of Arms;  
But rather strive by Law to win her,  
And try the Title you have in her.  
Your case is clear, you have her Word,  
And me to witness the Accord;  
Besides two more of her Retinue,  
To testifie what pass'd between you;  
More probable, and like to hold,  
Than Hand, or Seal, or breaking Gold:  
For which so many that renounc'd  
Their plighted Contracts, have been trounc'd;  
And



And Bills upon Record been found,  
That forc'd the Ladies to compound,  
And that, unless I miss the Matter,  
Is all the Business you look after :  
Besides Encounters at the Bar,  
Are braver now, than those in War,  
In which the Law does Execution,  
With less Disorder and Confusion:  
Has more of Honour in't some hold,  
Not like the New way, but the Old,  
When those the Pen had drawn together,  
Decided Quarrels with the Feather,  
And wing'd Arrows kill'd as dead,  
And more than Bullets now of Lead :  
So all the Combats now, as then,  
Are manag'd chiefly by the Pen ;  
That does the Feat, with braver Vigours,  
In Words at length, as well as Figures.  
Is Judge of all the World performs  
In voluntary Feats of Arms.  
And whatsoe'er's atchiev'd in Fight,  
Determines which is wrong or right ;

For

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CANTO III. 173

---

For whether you Prevail or Lose,  
All must be try'd there in the close.  
And therefore 'tis not wise to shun,  
What you must trust to, e'er y' have done.

The Law, that settles all you do,  
And marries where you did but woove;  
That makes the most perfidious Lover,  
A Lady, that's as safe, recover:  
And if it judge upon your side,  
Will soon extend her for your Bride,  
And put her Person, Goods or Lands;  
Or which you like best, int' your Hands.

For Law's the Wisdom of all Ages,  
And manag'd by the ablest Sages,  
Who though their Bus'ness at the Bar  
Be but a kind of Civii War,  
In which th' ingage with fiercer Dudgeons  
Than e'er the *Grecians* did and *Trojans*,  
They never manage the Contest,  
T' impair their publick Interest;  
Or by their Controversies lessen  
The dignity of their Profession:

Not

Not like us Brethren, who divide  
Our Common-wealth, the Cause and Side,  
And though w' are all as near of Kindred,  
As th' Outward Man is to the Inward;  
We agree in nothing but to wrangle  
About the flightest fingle fangle,  
While Lawyers have more sober sense:  
Than t' argue at their own expence,  
But make their best Advantages,  
Of other's quarrels, like the Swiss:  
And out of Foreign Controversies,  
By aiding both sides, fill their Purfes;  
But have no int'rest in the Cause,  
For which th' engage, and wage the Laws:  
Nor further Prospect than their Pay,  
Whether they lose or win the Day.  
And though th' abounded in al. Ages,  
With Sundry learned Clerks, and Sages;  
Though all their be dispute,  
With which they canvas every Suit;  
Th' have no Disputes about their Art,  
Nor in Polemicks controvert:

While



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## CANTO III. 175

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While all Professions else are found,  
With nothing but Disputes t' abound :  
Divines of all sorts, and Physicians;  
Philosophers, Mathematicians;  
The Gallenist, and Paracelsan.  
Condemn the way each other deal in.  
Anatomists dissect and mangle,  
To cut themselves out Work to wrangle;  
Astrologers dispute their Dreams,  
That in their Sleeps they talk of Schemes;  
And Heralds stickle, who got who,  
So many hundred Years ago.

But Lawyers are too wise a Nation.  
T' expose their Trade to Disputation;  
Or make the busie Rabble Judges,  
Of all their secret Piques, and Grudges:  
In which whoever wins the day,  
The whole Profession's sure to pay.  
Beside, no Mountebank, nor Cheats  
Dare undertake to do their Feats;  
When in all other Sciences,  
They swarm, like Insects and Increase.  
M For



For what Bigot durst even draw,  
By Inward Light, a Deed in Law?  
Or could hold forth; by Revelation,  
An Answer to a Declaration?  
For those that meddle with their Tools  
Will cut their fingers, if th' are Fools.  
And if you follow their Advice,  
In Bills, and Answers, and Replies:  
They'll write a Love-Letter in Chancery  
Shall bring her upon Oath to Answer ye,  
And soon reduce her to b' your Wife,  
Or make her weary of her Life.  
The *Knight* who us'd with *Tricks* and *Shifts*,  
To edifie by *Ralpho's Gifts*,  
But in appearance cry'd 'em down,  
To make them better seem his own,  
All *Plagiary's* Constant Course  
Of *sinking*, when they *take a Purse*,  
Resolv'd to follow his Advice,  
But kept it from him by disguise:  
And after stubborn Contradiction,  
To Counterfeit his own Conviction,  
And

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CANTO III. 162

---

And by Transition, fall upon  
The Resolution as his own.

*Quoth he* ; This Gambol thou advisest,  
Is of all others the unwisest ;  
For if I think by Law to gain her,  
There's nothing sillier nor vainer.  
'Tis but to hazard my Pretence,  
Where nothing's certain but the Expence ;  
To Act against my self, and Traverse  
My suit and Title to her favours.  
And if she should, which Heaven forbid,  
O'erthrow me, as the Fidler did ;  
What after-course have I to take,  
'Gainst losing all I have at Stake ?  
He that with Injury is griev'd,  
And goes to Law to be reliev'd,  
Is sillier than a sottish Chouse,  
Who, when a Thief has Robb'd his House,  
Applies himself to Cunning Men,  
To help him to his Goods agen :  
When all he can expect to gain,  
Is but to squander more in vain.

And yet I have no other way,  
But is as difficult, to play.  
For to reduce her by main Force,  
Is now in vain ; by fair Means, worse :  
But worst of all, to give her over,  
Till she's as desp'rate to recover.  
For bad Games are thrown up too soon,  
Until they're never to be won.  
But since I have no other Course,  
But it is bad t' attempt, or worse :  
He that complies against his Will,  
Is of his own Opinion still ;  
Which he m' adhere to, yet disown,  
For Reasons to himself best known :  
But 'tis not to b' avoided now,  
For *Sidrophel* resolves to sue ;  
Whom I must answer, or begin  
Inevitably, first with him.  
For I've receiv'd Advertisement,  
Betimes enough for his Intent ;  
And knowing, he that first complains,  
Th' Advantage of the Business gains :

For



For Courts of Justice understand  
 The Plaintiff to be eldest Hand:  
 Who, what he pleases, may aver,  
 The other, nothing till he swear:  
 Is freely admitted to all Grace,  
 And Lawful Favour by his Place:  
 And for his bringing Custom in,  
 Has all Advantages to win.  
 I, who resolve to oversee  
 No lucky Opportunity,  
 Will go to Counsel to advise  
 Which way t' encounter, or surprize,  
 And after long Consideration,  
 Have found out one to fit th' Occasion;  
 Most apt, for what I have to do,  
 As Counsellor, and Justice too.  
 And truly so, no doubt, he was,  
 A Lawyer fit for such a Case.

And *Old dull Sor*; wh' had told the Clock,  
 For many years at *Bridewell-dock*.

At *Westminster*, and *Hicks's Hall*,  
 And *Hiccius-Docktius* play'd in all;



Where in all *Governments and Times*,  
H' had been both *Friend* and *Foe* to Crimes,  
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,  
By *hindring Justice*, or maintaining:  
To many a Whore gave *Privilege*,  
And whip'd, for want of *Quarteridge*,  
*Cart-loads of Bauds* to Prison sent,  
For b'ing behind a Fortnights Rent.  
And many a trusty *Pimp* and *Crony*,  
To *Puddle-dock*, for want of money.  
Ingag'd the *Constable* to seize  
All those that would not break the Peace;  
Nor give him back his own foul words,  
Though sometimes *Commoners*, or *Lords*:  
And kept 'em Prisoners of Course,  
For being *sober at all hours*,  
That in the Morning he might Free,  
Or bind 'em over for his Fee.  
Made *Monsters fine* and *Puppet plays*,  
For leave to Practice, in their ways:  
Farm'd out all Cheats and went a share,  
With th' *Headborough*, and *Scavenger*,  
And

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## CANTO III. 166

---

And made the Dirt 'ith Streets Compound,  
For taking up the publick Ground:

The *Kennel*, and the *King's High way*,  
For being unmolested, Pay.

Let out the *Stocks*, and *Whipping Post*,  
And *Cage*, to those that gave him most;

Impos'd a Tax on *Bakers Ears*,  
And for *False Weights* on *Chandelers*.

Made *Victuallers* and *Vintners Fine*  
For Arbitrary *Ale*, and *Wine*.

But was a kind and constant Friend  
To all that *Regularly* offend:

As *Residentary Bawds*,  
And *Brokers that receive stoll'n Goods*;

That cheat in *Lawful Mysteries*,  
And pay *Church-Duties*, and *his Fees*;

But was implacable, and awker'd,  
To all that *Interlop'd* and *Hawker'd*.

To this brave Man, the Knight repairs  
For Council in his *Law-Affairs*;

And found him mounted, in his *Pew*,  
With *Books*, and *Money* plac'd, for Shew,

Like *Nest-Eggs*, to make *Clients lay*,  
And for his false Opinion pay ;  
To whom the Knight, with comely Grace,  
Put of his Hat, to put his Case ;  
Which he as proudly entertain'd,  
As th' other courteously strain'd.  
And to assure him, 'twas not that.  
He look'd for ; Bid him put on's Hat.

*Quoth he*, There is one *Sidrophel*,  
Whom I have cudgel'd—*Very well*.  
And now he brags t' have beaten me.  
*Better and better still*, quoth he,  
And vows to stick me to the Wall  
Where e'er he meets me—*Best of all*.  
'Tis true the Knave has taken 's Oath,  
That I robb'd him —*Well done in Troth*,  
When h' has confess'd, he stole my Cloak,  
And pick'd my Fob, and what he took ;  
Which was the Cause that made me bang him,  
And take my Goods again----*marry hang him*  
Now whether I should, before-hand  
Swear he robb'd me? ---- *I understand*.

Or



# CANTO III. 183

Or bring my *Action of Conversion*  
And *Trover* for my Goods? --- *Ah, Whorson.*  
Or if 'tis better to indite,  
And bring him to his Trial? --- *Right.*  
Prevent what he designs to do,  
And swear for th' State against him? --- *True.*  
Or whether he that is Defendant  
In this Case has the better End on't;  
Who putting in a New Cross-Bill,  
May traverse th' Action --- *Better still.*  
Then there's a Lady too. --- *I marry,*  
That's easily prov'd accessary.  
A Widow, who by solemn Vows,  
Contracted to me, for my Spouse,  
Combin'd with him to break her word,  
And has abetted all --- *Good Lord!*  
Suborn'd th' aforesaid *Sidrophel,*  
To tamper with the *Dev'l of Hell,*  
Who put m' into a horrid fear,  
Fear of my Life, --- *Make that appear.*  
Made an assault, with Fiends and Men,  
Upon my body. --- *Good agen.*

And



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169 CANTO III.

---

And kept me in a deadly fright  
And false Imprisonment all Night,  
Mean while, they rob'd me, and my Horse,  
And stole my Saddle, — *worse and worse*;  
And made me mount upon the bare-ridge,  
T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage:

Sir, quoth the Lawyer, not to flatter ye,  
You have as Good, and Fair a Battery,  
As heart can wish, and need not shame,  
The proudest Man alive to claim.

For if th' had us'd you, as you say;  
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy,  
I would it were my Case, I'd give  
More than I'll say, or you'll believe.

I would so trounce her, and her Purse,  
I'd make her kneel for bett'r or worse;  
For Matrimony, and Hanging here,  
Both go by destiny so clear,  
That you as sure, may Pick and Choose,  
As Cross I win, and Pile you lose.  
And if I durst, I would advance  
As much, in Ready Maintenance;

As

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## CANTO III. 170

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As upon any Case I've known,  
But we that practice dare not own,  
The Law feverely contrabands,  
Our taking Business off Mens hands;  
'Tis common Barratry, that bears  
Point blank an Action 'gainst our Ears,  
And crops them till there is not Leather,  
To stick a Pin in, left of either  
For which, some do the Summer-fault  
And o're the Bar, like Tumblers, vault,  
But may you swear at any rate  
Things not in Nature, for the State:  
For in all Courts of Justice here  
A Witness is not said to swear,  
But make Oath, that is, in plain terms,  
To forge whatever he affirms:  
( I thank you, quoth the Knight, for that,  
Because 'tis to my purpose pat—— )  
For Justice though she's painted blind,  
Is to the weaker side enclin'd;  
Like Charity, else right, and wrong,  
Could never hold it out so long,

And

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186 CANTO III.

---

And like blind Fortune, with a slight,  
Conveys Men Interest, and Right,  
From *Stile's* Pocket, into *Noke's*,  
As easily as *Hocus Pocus*.  
Plays fast and loose, makes Men Obnoxious,  
And clear again, like *Hiccius Doctius*.  
Then whether you would take her life,  
Or but recover her for your Wife :  
Or be content with what she has,  
And let all other matters Pass,  
The Business to the Law's alone,  
The proof is all it looks upon.  
And you can want no Witnesses,  
To swear to any thing you please.  
That hardly get their meer Expences  
By th' Labour of their Consciences,  
Or letting out to hire, their Ears,  
To Affidavit-Customers :  
At inconsiderable values,  
To serve for for Jury-men, or Tallies,  
Although retain'd in th' hardest matters,  
Of Trustees, and Administrators,  
For,



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## CANTO III. 187

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For that, *Quoth he*, let me alone;  
W' have store of such, and all our own;  
Bred up and tutor'd, by our Teachers,  
The ablest of Conscience-stretchers.  
That's well! *Quoth he*, But I should Guess,  
By weighing of Advantages;  
Your surest way is first to Pitch  
On *Bongey*, for a Water-witch:  
And when y' have hang'd the Conjuror,  
Y' have time enough, to deal with her.  
In th' Int'rim; Spare for no Trepan,  
To draw her Neck, into the Bands;  
Ply her with Love-Letters, and Billets,  
And Bait, 'em well, for Quirks, and Quillets  
With Trains t' inveigle and surprise,  
Her Heedless Answers, and Reply's:  
And if she miss the Moustrap-Lines,  
They'll serve for other By-Designs:  
And make an Artist understand,  
To Copy out her Seal, or Hand:  
Or find void Places in the Paper,  
To steal in something to Intrap her.



'Till with her Worldly Goods, and Body,  
Spight of her heart, she has endow'd ye.

Retain all sorts of Witnesses,  
That ply the Temples, under Trees.  
Or walk the Round, with Knights ot'h Posts;  
About the Cross-leg'd Knights, their Hosts,  
Or wait for Customers, between  
The Pillar-Rows in *Lincolns-Inn*.  
Where Vouchers, Forgers, Common-bayl,  
And Affidavit-men, ne'er fail  
T' expose to Sale, all sorts of Oaths,  
According to their Ears, and Cloaths.  
Their only Necessary Tools,  
Besides the Gospel, and their Souls.  
And when y'are finish'd with all Purveys,  
I shall be ready at your Service,  
I would not give, quoth *Hudibras*,  
A straw to understand a Case,  
Without the admirable skill  
To Wind, and manage it at Will:  
To Vere, and Tack, and steer a Cause,  
Against the Weather-gage of Laws;

And

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CANTO III. 174

---

And Ring the Changes upon Cases,  
As plain, as Noses upon Faces.  
As you have well instructed me,  
For which you've earn'd (here'tis) your Fee.  
I long to practice your advice,  
And try the subtle Artifice:  
To Bait a Letter as you bid,  
As not long after thus he did,  
For having pump'd up all his Wit,  
And hum'd upon it, thus he Writ.

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*An*

*An Heroical Epistle of Hudibras to his Lady.*

I Who was once as great as *Cesar*,  
Am now reduc'd to *Nebuchadnezzar*.  
And from as fam'd a Conqueror,  
As ever took degree in War,  
Or did his *Exercise in Battel*,  
By you turn'd out to *Grass with Cattle*.  
For since I am deny'd access  
To all my Earthly Happiness.  
Am fallen from the *Paradise*  
Of your good *Graces*, and fair *Eyes*.  
Lost to the World, and you, I'me sent  
To Everlasting Banishment  
Where all the *Hopes* I had, t' have won  
*Your heart*, being dash'd, will break my own,  
Yet if you were not so severe  
To pass your doom, before you hear,

Who



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## Hudibras to his Lady. 191

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You'll find, upon my just defence,  
How much y' have wrong'd my Innocence.  
That once I made a *Vow to you*,  
Which yet is unperform'd 'tis true;  
But not, because it is unpaid,  
'Tis *Violated*, though *delay'd*:  
Or if it were, it is no fault  
So heinous, as you have it thought,  
To undergo the loss of Ears,  
Like vulgar *Hackney Perjurers*,  
For there's a difference in the case  
Between the *Noble*, and the *Base*:  
Who always are observ'd t' have don't,  
Upon as different an account:  
The one for *great, and weighty Cause*,  
To save in Honour *ugly Flaws*.  
For none are like to do it sooner,  
Than those, wh' are nicest of their Honour.  
The other for *base Gain*, and *Pay*,  
*Forswear*, and *Perjure*, by the Day;  
And make th' exposing, and retailing  
Their Souls, and Consciences, a Calling.



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192 *An Heroical Epistle of*

---

It is no *Scandal*, or *Asperſion*,  
Upon a *Great and Noble Perſon*,  
To ſay, he Nat'rally abhorr'd  
Th' old faſhion'd Trick, to keep his Word;  
Though 'tis perfidiouſneſs, and ſhame,  
In meaner Men, to do the ſame.  
For to be able to *Forget*,  
Is found more uſeful, to the *Great*:  
Than *Gout*, or *Deafneſs*, or *bad Eyes*,  
To make 'em paſs for wondrous Wiſe.  
But though the *Law* on Perjurers,  
Inflicts the *Forfeiture of Ears*;  
It is not *juſt*, that does exempt  
The *Guilty*, and puniſh th' *Innocent*,  
To make the Ears, repair the wrong,  
Committed by th' *ungovern'd Tongue*;  
And when one Member is forſworn,  
Another to be cropt or torn.  
And if you ſhould, as you deſign,  
By courſe of *Law* recover mine.  
You're like, if you conſider right,  
To Gain but little Honour by't.

For

## Hudibras to his Lady. 193

For he that for his Lady's sake  
Lays down his Life, or Limbs at Stake,  
Does not so much deserve her Favour,  
As he, *that pawns his Soul* to have her.  
This y'have acknowledg'd I have done,  
Although you now disdain to own:  
But Sentence, what you rather ought  
T'esteem *good Service*, than a *Fault*,  
Besides, Oaths are not bound to bear  
That *Literal Sense*, the Words infer,  
But by the practice of the Age,  
Are to be judg'd how far th' engage.  
And where the Sense by Custom's checkt,  
Are found *void*, and for none effect.  
For no Man takes, or keeps a Vow,  
But just as he sees others do;  
Nor are th' oblig'd to be so brittle,  
As not to yield, and bow a little;  
For as best temper'd Blades are found  
Before they break, to bend quite round,  
So truest Oaths are still more rough,  
And though they *bow*, are *breaking-proof*.

194 *An Heroical Epistle of*

Then wherefore should they not b<sup>e</sup> allow'd  
In love a greater Latitude?  
For as the Law of Arm approves  
All ways to conquests, so should Loves;  
And not be ty'd to true or false,  
But make that justest, that prevails,  
For how can that which is above,  
All Empire, *High and Mighty Love*;  
Submit it's great Prerogative,  
To any other power alive?  
Shall love, that to no Crown gives place  
Become the subject of a Case?  
The *Fundamental Law of Nature*,  
Be over-rul'd! by those made after?  
Commit the censure of *its Cause*  
To any, but it's own *Great Laws*?  
Love, that's the World's preservative,  
That keeps all Souls of things alive?  
Controls the *Mighty Pow'r of Fate*,  
And gives Mankind a longer Date.  
The Life of Nature, that restores,  
And fast as *Time and Death* devours,

To



## Hudibras to his Lady. 195

To whose Free-Gift, the World does owe  
Not only Earth but Heaven too:

For Love's the only Trade that's driven  
The *Interest of State in Heaven*,

Which nothing but the Soul of Man,  
Is capable to entertain.

For what can Earth produce, but *Love*,  
To represent the *Jays above*?

Or who, but Lovers, can converse,  
Like Angels, by the Eye-Discourse?

Address and complement by Vision,  
Make Love, and Court by Intuition?

And burn in am'rous Flames as fierce,  
As those Celestial Ministers?

Then how can any thing offend  
In order to so *great an End*?

Or Heav'n it self a Sin resent,  
That for its own Supply was meant?

That merits in a kind mistake,  
A Pardon for th' Offences sake.

Or if it did not, but the *Cause*  
Were left to th' injury of *Laws*,



What Tyranny can disapprove  
There should be *Equity* in Love?  
For Laws, that are Inanimate  
And feel no sense of Love, or Hate:  
That have no Passion of their own,  
Nor pity to be wrought upon,  
Are only proper to inflict  
Revenge, on Criminals, as strict.  
But to have *Power to forgive*,  
*Is Empire, and Prerogative*;  
And 'tis in Crowns, a nobler Gem,  
To grant a Pardon, than condemn.  
Then since so few do what they ought,  
'Tis great, t' indulge a well-meant fault.  
For why should he who made address  
All humble ways, without success;  
And met with nothing in return,  
But Insolence, Affronts, and Scorn,  
Not strive by Wit to countermine,  
And bravely carry his design;  
He who was us'd so unlike a Soldier,  
Blown up with *Philters of Love Power*;  
And

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## Hudibras to his Lady. 197

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And after *letting Blood and Parging*,  
Condemn'd to *voluntary Scourging*;  
Alarm'd with many a horrid Fright,  
And claw'd; by *Goblins*, in the Night;  
Insulted on, Revil'd and Jear'd,  
With rude Invasion of his Beard;  
And when your Sex was foully scand'l'd.  
As foully by the Rabble handled;  
Attack'd by despicable Foes,  
And drub'd with mean and vulgar blows;  
And after all, to be debarr'd  
So much as standing on his Guard;  
When Horfes being *spur'd* and *prick'd*,  
Have leave to *kick* for being *kick'd*;  
Or why should you, whose *Mother-Wits*  
Are furnish'd with all perquisites;  
That with your *Breeding Teeth* begin,  
And *Nursing Babies*, that *Lie* in;  
B' allow'd to put all Tricks upon  
Our *CullySex*, and we use none?  
We, who have nothing but frail Vows,  
Against your Stratagems t' oppose?

198 *An Heroical Epistle of*

Or Oaths, more feeble than your own,  
 By which we are no less put down,  
 You wound, like *Parthians*, while you fly,  
 And kill, with a *Retreating Eye*;  
 Retire the more; the more we press,  
 To draw us into Ambushes.  
 As *Pyrats* all false Colours wear,  
 T' intrap th' unwary Mariner:  
 So Women, to surprize us, spread  
 The borrow'd *Flags of White and Red*.  
 Display 'em thicker on their Cheeks,  
 Than their old Grandmothers, the *Picts*:  
 And raise more Devils *with their Looks*,  
 Than *Conjurers* less subtil Books.  
 Lay Trains of *Amorous Intrigues*,  
 In *Towers, and Curls, and Perriwigs*,  
 With greater Art, and cunning rear'd,  
 Than *Phillip Nye's Thanks-giving-beard*.  
 Prepost'rously t' intice, and gain,  
 Those t' adore 'em they disdain:  
 And only draw 'em in, to clog  
 With idle Names, a Catalogue.

A Lover is, the more he's brave  
T' his Mistress, but the more a Slave,  
And whatsoever she commands,  
Becomes a Favour from her hands;  
Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and must,  
Whether it be unjust, or just.  
Then, when he is compell'd by her  
T' Adventures, he would else forbear,  
Who, with his Honour, can withstand,  
Since Force is greater than Command?  
And when necessity's obey'd  
Nothing can be unjust or bad:  
And therefore, when the mighty Pow'rs  
Of Love, *our great Allie, and Yours,*  
Joyn'd Forces, not to be withstood  
By frail enamour'd Flesh and Blood;  
All I have done unjust or ill  
Was in obedience to your Will:  
And all the Blame that can be due  
Falls to your Cruelty and you.

Nor are those Scandals I confess,  
Against my Will and Interest,

More



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200 *An Heroical Epistle of*

---

More than is daily done of course  
By all Men, when they're under Force.  
Whence some, upon the Rack, confess  
What th' *Hang-man and their Prompters please*.  
But are no sooner out of Pain  
Than they deny it all again.  
But when the Devil turns Confessor,  
*Truth is a Crime*, he takes no Pleasure  
To hear, or pardon, like the *Founder*  
*Of Lyars*, whom they all claim under.  
And therefore, when I told him none,  
I think it was the wiser done.  
Nor am I without Precedent,  
The first that on th' Adventure went;  
All Mankind ever did of course,  
And daily does the same, or worse;  
For what *Romance* can shew a Lover,  
That had a *Lady to recover*,  
And did not steer a nearer Course,  
To fall aboard in his Amours?  
And what at first was held a Crime,  
Has turn'd to Honourable in time.

To

## Hudibras to his Lady. 201

To what a height did *Infant Rome*,  
By Ravishing of Women come?  
When Men upon their Spouses seiz'd,  
And freely Marry'd where they pleas'd:  
They ne'er *Forswore* themselves nor *Ly'd*,  
Nor in the Minds they were in, *Dy'd*:  
Nor took the pains t' *address* and *sue*,  
Nor *plaid the Masquerde* to wooe.  
Disdain'd to stay for Friends Consents,  
Nor juggled about Settlements:  
Did need no *Licence*, nor no *Priest*,  
Nor Friends, nor Kindred to assist;  
Nor Lawyers, to *joyn Land, and Money*,  
In th' *Holy State of Matrimony*,  
Before they setled Hands and Hearts,  
Till *Alimony*, or *Death* them parts:  
Nor would endure to stay until  
Th' had got the very *Bride's Good Will*.  
But took a wife and shorter Course,  
To win the Ladies, *Down-right Force*.  
And justly made 'em Prisoners then,  
As they have often since, us Men;

With

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202 *An Heroical Epistle of*

---

With *Acting Plays*, and *Dancing Figgs*,  
The luckiest of all Love's intrigues:  
And when they had them at their pleasure,  
Then talk'd of *Love*, and *Flames*, at leisure.  
For after *Matrimony's* over,  
He that holds out but *Half a Lover*,  
Deserves for ev'ry *Minute*, more  
Than *half a Year* of Love before:  
For which the Dames, in Contemplation  
Of that best way of Application,  
Prov'd Nobler Wives than e'er were known,  
By *Suit*, or *Treaty*, to be won:  
And such as all Posterity  
Could never equal, nor come nigh.  
For Women first were made for Men,  
Not Men for them.——It follows then,  
That Men have Right to every one,  
And they no freedom of their own:  
And therefore Men have pow'r to chuse,  
But they no Charter to refuse.  
Hence 'tis apparent, that what Course  
So e'er we take to *your Amours*,  
Though

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Hudibras to his Lady. 203

---

Though by the indirectest way ;  
'Tis no *Injustice*, nor *Foul Play*.  
And that you ought to take that Course,  
As we take you, for *bett'r or worse* ;  
And gratefully to submit to those  
Who you, before another, chose :  
For why should ev'ry Savage Beast  
Exceed his *Great Lord's Interest* ?  
Have freer Pow'r, than he, in *Grace*,  
*And Nature*, o'er the Creature has ?  
Because the Laws he since has made  
Have cut off all the Pow'r he had ;  
Retrench'd the absolute Dominion,  
That Nature gave him, over Woman,  
When all his Pow'r will not extend,  
One *Law of Nature* to suspend :  
And but to offer to repeal  
The smallest Clause, is to rebel.  
This, if Men rightly understood  
Their Privilege, they would make good ;  
And not, like Sots, permit their Wives,  
T' encroach on their Prerogatives.

For



204 *An Heroical Epistle of*

For which Sin they deserve to be  
Kept, as they are in Slavery,  
And this, some precious *Gifted Teachers*  
Unrev'rently reputed *Leachers*;  
And disobey'd in making Love,  
Have vow'd to all the World, to prove  
And make ye suffer, as ye ought,  
For that uncharitable Fault,  
But, I forget my self and rove  
Beyond th' Instructions of my Love,  
Forgive me (*Fair*) and only blame  
Th' extravagancy of my *Flame*,  
Since 'tis too much, at once to shew  
Excess of Love and Temper too.  
All I have said that's *bad, and true*,  
Was never meant to aim at you;  
Who have so Sov'rein a Controul  
O'er that poor Slave of yours; *my Soul*:  
That rather than to forfeit you,  
Has ventur'd *loss of Heaven* too,  
Both with an equal Pow'r possess'd,  
To render all that serve you blest:

But

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## Hudibras to his Lady. 205

---

But none like him, who's destin'd, either  
To *have*, or *lose* you, both together.  
And if you'll but this fault release  
For so it must be, since you please,)  
I'll pay down all that Vow, and more,  
Which you *commanded*, and I *swore*,  
And expiate upon my Skin.  
Th' Arrears in full of all my Sin.  
For 'tis but just, that I should pay  
Th' accruing Penance for Delay.  
Which shall be done, until it move  
Your equal pity, and your Love;  
The *Knight*, pursuing *this Epistle*,  
Believ'd h' he'd brought her to *his Whistle*;  
And read it, like a jocund Lover,  
With great Applause t' himself, twice over,  
Subscrib'd his *Name*, but at as fit,  
And humble distance, to *his Wit*:  
And dated it with wondrous Art,  
*Giv'n from the bottom of his heart*:  
Then seal'd it with his *Coat of Love*  
*A smoking Faggot*——and above

Upon

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266 *An Heroical Epistle &c.*

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Upon a Scroll — *I burn, and weep,*  
And near it — *For her Ladyship;*  
Of all her Sex, most excellent,  
These to her gentle Hands present.  
Then gave it to his Faithful Squire,  
With Lessons how t' observe and eye her.  
She first consider'd which was better,  
To send it back, or burn the Letter:  
But, gueſſing that it might import,  
Though nothing else, at least, her Sport,  
She open'd it, and read it out,  
With many a smile, and learing Flout:  
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,  
And thus perform'd what she design'd.

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*The Lady's ANSWER to  
the KNIGHT.*

**T**hat you're a *Beast* and turn'd to *Grass*,  
Is no strange News, nor ever was;  
At least, to me, who once, you know,  
Did from the Pound *Replevin* you.  
When both your *Sword*, and *Spurs*, were won  
In Combat, by an *Amazon*;  
That *Sword*, that did (like *Fate*) determine  
Th' inevitable Death of *Vermine*;  
And never dealt its furious Blows,  
But cut the Threads of *Pigs* and *Cows*;  
By *Trulla* was, in *single Fight*,  
Disarm'd, and wrested from its *Knight*.  
Your Heels *Degraded* of your *Spurs*,  
And in the Stocks, close Prisoners;  
Where still th' had lain in base *Restraint*,  
If I, in pity of your Complaint,

O

Had



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208 *The Lady's Answer*

---

Had not on Hon'able Conditions,  
Release 'em from the worst of Prisons,  
And what Return that favour met,  
You cannot (though you would) forget;  
When being free you strove t' evade  
The Oaths you had in Prison made:  
Forswore your self, and first deny'd it;  
But after own'd, and justify'd it:  
And when y' had safely broke one *Vow*,  
Absolv'd your self by *breaking two*.  
For while you sneaking by submit,  
And beg for Pardon at our Feet:  
Discourag'd by your guilty Fears,  
To hope for Quarter, for your *Ears*.  
And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,  
You claim us boldly as you due.  
Declare that Treachery and Force  
To deal with us is th' only Course.  
Who have no Title nor pretence,  
To *Body, Soul or Conscience*:  
But ought to fall to that Man's share,  
That claims us for his proper Ware.

These

These are the Motives, which t' induce,  
Or fright us into Love, you use,  
A pretty new way of *Gallanting*,  
Between *Soliciting* and *Ranting*;  
Like sturdy Beggars, that intreat  
For *Charity* at once, and *threat*.  
But since you undertake to prove  
Your own Propriety in Love,  
As if we were but *Lawful Prize*  
In *War*, between two Enemies;  
Or *Forfeitures*, which ev'ry Lover  
That would but sue for, might recover;  
It is not hard to understand  
The *Mystery* of this Bold Demand:  
That cannot at our Persons aim,  
But something capable of Claim.

'Tis not those *pau'try Counterfeit*  
*French Stones*, which in our Eyes you set,  
But our *Right Diamonds*, that inspire,  
And set your Am'rous Hearts on fire,  
Nor can those false *St. Martin's Beads*,  
Which on our Lips you lay for *Reds*;

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210 *The Lady's Answer*

---

And make us wear like *Indian Dames*,  
Add Fuel to your scorching Flames,  
But those true Rubies of the Rock,  
Which in our Cabinets we lock.

'Tis not those Orient Pearls, our Teeth,  
That you are so transported with:  
But those we wear about our Necks,  
Produce those Amorous Effects.  
Nor is't those Threads of Gold, our *Hair*,  
The *Perruigs* you make us wear:  
But those bright Guinea's in our Chests,  
That light the Wild-fire in your Breasts.  
These Love-Tricks I've been vers'd in so,  
That all their sly *Intrigues* I know,  
And can unriddle by *their Tones*,  
Their *Mystick Cabals*, and *Jargones*,  
Can tell what Passions, by their Sounds,  
Pine for the Beauties of my Grounds.  
What Rapture's fond, and Amorous  
O'th' *Charms* and *Graces* of my House.  
What *Extrastie* and *Scorching Flame*  
Burns for my *Money*, in my *Name*.

What



What from th' unnatural Desire  
 To *Breast*, and Cattle, take its Fire.  
 What *tender Sigh*, and *trickling Tear*,  
 Longs for a *Thousand Pound a Year*;  
 And Languishing Transports are fond  
 Of *State*, *Mortgage*, *Bill and Bond*.  
 These are th' Attracts which most Men fall  
 Inamour'd, at first sight, withal.  
 To these th' Address with *Serenades*,  
 And Court with *Balls* and *Masquerades*;  
 And yet, for all their yearning Pain  
 Y' have suffer'd for their Loves, in vain:  
 I fear they'll prove so nice and coy,  
 To *have*, and *t' hold*, and *to enjoy*;  
 That all *your Oaths*, and *Labour* I st,  
 They'll ne'er turn *Ladies of the Post*.  
 This is not meant to disapprove  
 Your Judgment in your Choice of Love;  
 Which is so wise, the greatest part  
 Of Mankind study y't as an Art,  
 For Love should, *like a Deodand*,  
 Still fall to th' Owner of the Land.



212 *The Lady's Answer*

And where there's Substance, for its Ground  
 Cannot but be more firm, and found,  
 Than that which has the slighter Basis  
 Of *Airy Vertue, Wit and Graces* :  
 Which is of such thin Subtilty,  
 It steals and creeps in at the Eye,  
 And, as it can't endure to stay,  
 Steals out again *as nice a way*.

But Love, that its Extraction owns  
 From solid Gold, and precious Stones ;  
 Must, like its shining Parents prove  
 As Solid, and as *Glorious Love*.  
 Hence 'tis, you have no way t' express  
 Our *Charms and Graces*, but by these :  
 For, what are *Lips, and Eyes, and Teeth*,  
 Which *Beauty* invades, and *conquers* with ?  
 But *Rubies, Pearls and Dimonds*,  
 With which a *Philter Love Commands* ?

This is the way all Parents prove,  
 In imagining their Childrens Love ;  
 That force 'em t' *inter-marry and wed*,  
 As if th' were *Bur'ing of the Dead*.

Cast

Cast *Earth to Earth*, as in the *Grave*, and  
 To joyn in *Wedlock* all they have.  
 And when the *Settlement's* in force,  
 Take all the rest, for *Better, or Worse*,  
 For *Money* has a *Power* above  
 The *Stars* and *Fate*, to manage *Love*:  
 Whose *Arrows*, *Learned Poets* hold;  
 That never miss, are *tipp'd with Gold*.  
 And though some say, the *Parents* claims  
 To make *Love* in their *Children's* Names;  
 Who many times, at once, provide  
 The *Nurse*, the *Husbaad*, and the *Brige*,  
 Feel *Darts and Charms*, *Attracts and Flames*;  
 And *wooe*, and *contract* in their Names,  
 And as they *Christen*, use to marry 'em;  
 And, like their *Gossips*, answer for 'em:  
 Is not to give in *Matrimony*;  
 But *sell* and *prostitute* for *Money*.  
 'Tis better than their own *Betrothing*,  
 Who often do't for worse than nothing.  
 And when th' are at their own *Dispose*,  
 With greater *disadvantage* chuse.

214 *The Lady's Answer*

All this is right! But for the Course  
 You take to do't, by Fraud, or Force:  
 'Tis so ridiculous, as soon  
 As told, 'tis never to be done.  
 No more than *Setters can betray*,  
 That tell what Tricks they are to play.  
*Marriage*, at best, is but a Vow;  
 Which all Men either *break*, or *bow* :  
 Then what will those forbear to do,  
 Who *perjure*, when they do but *wooe* ?  
 Such as, before-hand, *swear and lye*,  
 For *Earnest* to their Treachery :  
 And rather than a Crime confess,  
 With *greater* strive to make it *less* :  
 Like *Thieves*, who, after Sentence past,  
 Maintain their Innocence to th' last.  
 And when their Crimes were made appear  
 As plain as Witnesses can swear ;  
 Yet, when the Wretches come to die,  
 Will take upon their Deaths a Lye,  
 Nor are the Vertues, you confess'd  
 T' your *Ghostly Father*, as you guess'd;

So



So flight, as to be justifi'd,  
By b'ing, as shamefully, deny'd.  
As if you thought your Word would pass  
Point-blank, on both sides of a Case;  
Or Credit were not to be lost,  
B' a *Brave Knight-Errant of the Post*,  
That *eats*, perfidiously, his *Word*,  
And *swears his Ears thr' a two Inch Board* :  
Can own the same thing, and disown ;  
And *perjure Booty, Pro and Con* :  
Can make the *Gospel* serve his turn,  
And help him out to be forsworn ;  
When 'tis *laid hands upon, and kiss'd*,  
To be *betray'd, and sold, like Christ*.

These are the Vertues, in whose Name,  
A Right to all the World you claim :  
And boldly challenge a Dominion,  
In *Grace and Nature* o'er all Women.  
Of whom, no less will satisfie,  
Than all the Sex, your Tyranny.  
Although you'll find it a hard Province,  
With all your crafty Frauds and Covins,

To



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216 *The Lady's Answer*

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To govern such a num'rous Crew,  
Who, one by one, now govern you:  
For if you all were *Solomons*,  
And *Wise* and *Great* as he was once;  
You'll find th' are able to subdue,  
(*As they did him*) and baffle you.

And if you are impos'd upon,  
'Tis by your own Temptation done:

That with your Ignorance invite,  
And teach us how to use the flight.  
For when we find y' are still more taken  
*With false Attracts of your own making*;  
Swear that's a *Rose*, and that a *Stone*,  
*Like Sots* to us that laid it on:

And what we did but slightly prime,  
Most ingorantly daub in Rhime:

You force us in our own Defences,  
To copy *Beams* and *Influences*;

To lay *Perfections* on the *Graces*,

And draw *Attracts* upon our Faces:

And in compliance to your Wit,  
Your own false *Jewels* counterfeit.

For,

For, by the practice of those Arts,  
We gain a greater share of Hearts;  
And those deserve in reason most,  
That greatest Pains and Study cost;  
For great Perfections are like Heav'n,  
Too rich a Present to be given.  
Nor are those *Master-strokes of Beauty*  
To be perform'd without *hard Duty*,  
Which, when th' are nobly done, and well,  
The simple Natural excell.

How far and sweet *the planted Rose*,  
Beyond the *Wild* in Hedges, grows?  
For without Art, the Noblest Seeds  
Of Flowers degenerate to Weeds:  
How dull and rugged, e'er 'tis Ground,  
And Polish'd, looks a Diamond?  
Though *Paradise* was e'er so fair,  
It was not kept so without Care.

The whole World, without *Art* and *Dress*,  
Would be but one great *Wilderness*,  
And Mankind but a Savage Herd,  
For all that Nature has conferr'd.

This

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218 *The Lady's Answer*

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This does but *Rough-hew*, and *Design*,  
Leave *Art* to *Polish*, and *Refine*.  
Though Women first were made for Men,  
Yet Men were made for the magen:  
For when (*out-witted by his Wife*)  
Man first turn'd *Tenant*, but for *Life*.  
If Women had not interven'd,  
How soon had Mankind had an end?  
And that it is in *Being* yet,  
To us alone, you are in *Debt*.  
Then where's your liberty of *Choice*,  
And our unnatural *No voice*?  
Since all the *Privilege* you *boast*,  
And falsely *usurp'd*, or *vainly lost*,  
Is now our right; to whose *Creation*,  
You owe your *Happy Restoration*.  
And if we had not weighty Cause  
To not appear in making *Laws*,  
We could, in spight of all your *Tricks*,  
And *Shallow, Formal, Politicks*,  
Force you, our *Managements* t' obey,  
As we to yours (in *shew*) give way.  
Hence



Hence 'tis, that while you vainly strive  
T' advance your *high Prerogative*,  
You basely, after all your Braves,  
Submit, and own your selves our Slaves.  
And 'cause we do not make it known,  
Nor publickly our Int'rests own;  
Like Sots, suppose we have no shares  
In ord'ring you, and your *Affairs*:  
When all your Empire and Command  
You have from us at *Second Hand*.  
As if a *Pilot*, that appears  
To sit still only, while he steers:  
And does not make no noise and stir,  
Like every common *Mariner*:  
Knew nothing of the *Card*, nor *Star*.  
And did not guide the *Man of War*.  
Nor we, because we don't appear  
In *Councils*, do not govern there.  
While like the mighty *Prester John*,  
Whose Person none dares look upon;  
But is preserv'd in *Close Disguise*  
From being made *cheap* to vulgar Eyes.



220 *The Lady's Answer*

W' enjoy as large a Pow'r unseen,  
To govern him, as he does Men:

And in the Right of our Pope Joan,  
Make Emp'rors at our feet fall down.

Or Joan the Pucel's bravest Name,  
Our Right to Arms and Conduct claim.

Who, though a Spinster, yet was able,  
To serve France for a Grand Constable.

We make and execute all Laws;  
Can judge the Judges, and the Cause.

Prescribe all Rules of Right or Wrong,  
To th' Long Robe, and the Longer Tongue.

'Gainst which the World has no Defence,  
But our more pow'rful Eloquence.

We manage things of greatest weight  
In all the World's Affairs of State.

Are Ministers of War and Peace,  
That sway all Nations how they please.

We rule all Churches, and their Flocks,  
Heretical, and Orthodox.

And are the Heavenly Vehicles  
O' th' Spirit, in all Covenicles.

By

By us is all Commerce and Trade  
 Improv'd, and Manag'd, and Decay'd.  
 For nothing can go off so well,  
 Nor bears that Price, as what we sell.  
 We rule in ev'ry Publick Meeting,  
 And make Men do what we thing fitting;  
 Are Magistrates in all Great Towns;  
 Where Men do nothing, but wear Gowns.  
 We make the Man of War strike Sail,  
 And to our braver Conduct vail.  
 And, when h' has chas'd his Enemies,  
 Submit to us upon his Knees.  
 Is there an Officer of State,  
 Untimely rais'd; or Magistrate,  
 That's Haughty and Imperious?  
 He's but a Journey-man to Us.  
 That as he gives us cause to do't,  
 Can keep him in, or turn him out.

We are your Guardians, that increase,  
 Or Waste your Fortunes how we please:  
 And, as you humour us, can deal  
 In all your Matters, Ill or Well.

'Tis

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222 *The Lady's Answer*

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'Tis We that can dispose alone,  
Whether your *Heirs* shall be your *own*.  
To whose Integrity you must,  
In spite of all your Caution, trust.  
And 'less you fly *beyond the Seas*,  
Can fit you with what *Heirs* we please:  
And force you t' own 'em, tho' begotten  
By *French Valets*, or *Irish Footmen*.  
Nor can the rigorouest Course  
Prevail, unless to make us worse.  
Who, still the harsher we are us'd,  
Are further off from b'ing reduc'd.  
And scorn t'abate for any Ills,  
The least *Punctilio of our Wills*.  
Force does but whet our Wits t' apply  
Arts, born with us, for Remedy:  
Which all your *Politicks*, as yet,  
Have ne'er been able to defeat,  
For when y' have try'd all sorts of *Ways*,  
*What Fools d' we make of you in Plays?*  
*While all the Favours we afford*  
*Are but to girt you with the Sword,*



## *The Lady's Answer, T 168*

*To fight our Battels in our steads,  
And have your Brains beat out o' your Heads;  
Encounter in despite of Nature;  
And fight at once with Fire and Water,  
With Pyrats, Rocks, and Storms, and Seas,  
Our Pride and Vanity i' appease.  
Kill one another, and cut Throats,  
For our good Graces, and best Thoughts;  
To do your Exercise for Honour,  
And have your Brains beat out the sooner;  
Or crack'd, as Learnedly, upon  
Things that are never to be known:  
And still appear the more industrious,  
The more your Projects are preposterous,  
To square the Circle of the Arts;  
And run stark mad to shew your Parts.  
Expound the Oracle of Laws,  
And turn them which way we see Cause.  
Be our Sollicitors, and Agents,  
And stand for us in all Engagements,  
And these are all the Mighty Powers,  
You vainly boast, to cry down ours.*

P

And



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224 *The Lady's Answer, &c.*

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And what in real Value's wanting,  
Supply with Vapouring and Ranting :  
Because your selves are terrify'd,  
And stoop to one another's Pride :  
Believe we have as little Wit  
To be *out-hector'd*, and *submit* :  
By your *Example*, lose that Right  
In *Treaties*, which we gain'd in *Fight* :  
And terrify'd into an Awe,  
Pass on our selves a *Salique Law* ;  
Or, as some Nations use, give place,  
And truckle to *your Mighty Race* :  
Let Men usurp th' unjust Dominion,  
As if they were the *better Women*.

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FINIS



